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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor
OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY
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VOL. XL.
SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1903.
NO. 25.

CRUSHED UNDER CAR WHEELS.

Joseph R. Lamphere Terribly Injured Wednesday Afternoon.

BOTH FEET CUT OFF AT ANKLE.

Also Bruised About Head In Critical Condition Accident Happened Near Mt. Jewett.

Joseph R. Lamphere, a brakeman of the regular train on this branch of the P., S. & N. R. R., was very seriously if not fatally injured near Mt. Jewett at about noon yesterday. Both legs were cut off just above the ankles, a broken jaw and his back and arms badly bruised and cut.

The accident happened on the bridge between the Mt. Jewett station and the Main street crossing of that place, but he was not missed from the train until it reached Mt. Jewett station. The crew ran the engine back to this bridge and there on the bank, injured as above described, the unfortunate man was found, conscious, but too dazed to tell how the accident happened.

He was taken to Mt. Jewett, where medical aid was given and he was made as comfortable as possible. Later he was taken to the Bradford hospital for special treatment. Late reports are that he is in a very dangerous condition and but slight hopes are entertained for his recovery.

It is generally supposed that the unfortunate man was knocked from the top of a box car while the train was passing under the railroad bridge at that point. The bridge is so low that a man on top of a box car is compelled to get very low in order to pass under safely. Mr. Lamphere was seen on top of a box car a short distance from where he was found and as he was a comparatively stranger on this run it is supposed that he did not think of this low bridge until it was too late.

Mr. Lamphere is about 27 years of age and his home is in Hornellsville, N. Y. He came to Smethport about six weeks ago and has been employed on one of the work trains most of the time. He is a young man who has many friends who sympathize with him in his misfortune.

SMETHPORT IN THE LEAGUE.

All Arrangements Perfected and We Have a Strong Team.

That Smethport will have a team in the McKean-Potter base ball league is a certainty now. Last Saturday afternoon Thos. H. Morrison went down to Eldred and made the final arrangements with President McFall for the entrance of a team from this place. And now it can be safely said that we are in the league and are going to make a race for first place and the "penchant," as the Port Allegany Reporter would say.

All the old players have signified their willingness to get into the game and the business men and base ball fans in general are showing their approval of the move by subscribing liberally to the fund. Monday afternoon Ed. Studholme took a paper around among the business men and in a couple of hours over $140 was subscribed.

Monday evening a meeting was held in the parlors of the Tuxedo Club. N. H. Knapp was made chairman of the meeting, Thos. H. Morrison was elected manager of the Smethport team and Guy McCoy treasurer. Mr. Morrison, Mr. McCoy and Ed Studholme were selected for a board of directors.

The following list of players has been sent in to the president of the McKean-Potter league: T. J. Young, Will Fuller, Marshall Keefer, Herman Tull, Waldo Sasse, "Zeke" McCabe, "Buke" Servatius, Claud Denning, S. E. Bell, Ed. Studholme, Chas. McCoy, Chas. Croissant, F. R. Young, Henry Torrence and Ward Ramer. With this bunch of talent in practice the other towns will have to get busy or Smethport will have an easy thing.

It is the intention of Manager Morrison to keep as many men in practice as possible and as fast as one who is not in the above list of players shows that he is better qualified than one who is such player will be placed on the list in place of a weaker man.

Horseshoeing. Blacksmithing.

We have secured the services of Mr. F. W. Perkins, an expert horseshoer and are now prepared to give special attention to all kinds of common or special shoeing. Wagon and buggy repairs done while you wait.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Do You Own a Home?

If you do not and want a desirable location look over the high, dry and level borough lots which the Smethport Land and Improvement Co., L't'd., is offering it from $50 to $175 each. Payments on easy terms. For full particulars call on or address, Guy McCoy, Smethport.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

KING AND QUEEN MURDERED.

Terrible Tragedy at Belgrade, Servia, on Wednesday Evening.

The world was startled during the week by the news of the assassination at Belgrade, the capital of Servia, of Alexander Obrenovitch, the King of Servia, and Queen Draga, his wife, together with several other persons prominent in Servian politics, including the two brothers of the Queen and three members of the Ministry, who were taken in their houses and murdered there, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. It was at first reported that the two sisters of Queen Draga were included with the rest, but this subsequently proved to have been a mistake. Their lives were spared and they were told to leave the country, which they, naturally, lost no time in doing.

This bloodshed was the result of a conspiracy among a number of army officers who, being dissatisfied with existing conditions, desired to overthrow the Obrenovitch regime and to establish a new government with Peter Karageorgevitch, the successor of the famous "Black George," who figures so conspicuously in Servian history, at its head.

Just how far these men expressed in what they did the popular feeling cannot be certainly determined. They had grievances of their own which they sought to redress and grudges which they aspired to satisfy. The impulse of their act was preponderantly personal. Yet it seems clear that Servian sentiment condones the dreadful crime which they committed and rejoices in the success of the revolution which they undertook.

King Alexander was not popular. He had lost the confidence of his people. They believed not without reason, that he had been brought completely under the influence of the designing, intriguing, unscrupulous woman whom he had made his wife and who was hated very much as Marie Antoinette was hated by the Paris revolutionists of 1789. They had ceased to expect anything good from his government because they had ceased to hope that the paramount position of Queen Draga could be taken from her and they had grown very tired of the situation thus produced.

This tired feeling had been much intensified by the events of the past few months. King Alexander's opera bouffe performance in April last will not have been forgotten. It will be remembered that he suspended the Constitution at his own instance and during the period of its abeyance declared the nullification of certain legislation which infringed, as he considered, upon his personal prerogatives. Then, his purpose having been accomplished, he set the Constitution going again, just as one starts and stops a machine. It was an astonishing proceeding, and while it elicited no remonstrance at the time, it doubtless went far toward confirming the Servian people in their opinion of the sovereign's irresponsibility. More recently the impression has become current that Queen Draga was maneuvering to secure the succession to one of her brothers. This may or may not have been the fact. It is not unlikely, and it was probably no mere coincidence, that the assassination occurred very soon after the arrival at the palace of the brother to whom rumor pointed.

Upon the whole, it is not difficult to understand why the Belgrade public exhibited no grief when the news of the bloodshed transpired. The taking off of such a king as Alexander was no great loss, although one could have wished that a community calling itself Christian and civilized had shown more inclination to repudiate and to condemn the manner of the removal.

Injured While Riding Horseback

Fred D. Gallup was quite seriously injured Tuesday evening by falling from his horse. He was riding near the A. L. Gallup farm on Potato creek when he attempted to check the horse's speed. The horse jumped sideways and stopped quickly, throwing Mr. Gallup to the ground in such a way that his head came in contact with the horse's hoofs, inflicting two severe cuts on his head and rendering him partially unconscious.

He was seen to fall by A. L Gallup who went to his aid and as soon as his condition was ascertained he was assisted into a carriage and driven to the residence of his father-in-law, James A. McKean, on East Main street, and Dr. Hamilton summoned. The doctor found two deep cuts on his head, one running from the top of his head to the back of his left ear, about four and a half inches long, and a smaller gash in the back of his head. Four stitches were necessary to close the larger cut and one was taken in the smaller wound.

After his wounds had been dressed Mr. Gallup walked to his home on Green street. He has a pretty sore head besides being quite severely shaken up but it is expected he will be out to-day.

Fly-Time is Here.

Keep the pesky things out of the house with good screen doors and windows, the kind we sell. Also doors and windows made to order to fit any size opening. Holmes & Gilfillan.

HAZELHURST WINS SHOOT.

Defeats Smethport Gun Club Last Friday Afternoon.

SMETHPORT 209, HAZELHURST 219.

A Pleasant Gathering and an Elegant Spread We Win a Prize.

On Friday last the Smethport Gun Club went to Hazelhurst and met their first defeat at the hands of the Hazelhurst club. The match was 350 birds a side and the total was Smethport 209 and Hazelhurst 219. Each team had seven shooters, 50 birds each. At the end of first half the score stood 104 to 105 in favor of Hazelhurst.

Before the shoot the Hazelhurst boys arranged to give the man making the highest score a prize, but when the smoke had cleared away it was discovered that this honor belonged to Mr. Van Gordon of the home club and like the royal good fellows they are, they announced that the medal was for the one making the most birds in a string of 25 and therefore the prize came to the writer. Modesty forbids our giving a detailed description of this much treasured prize and we will only take time to heartily thank the donors for their liberality in arranging the conditions so that we might ever treasure this token.

The Smethport Gun Club was defeated honestly, by superior marksmen. Our club, although out of practice to a certain extent, never shot better since the club was formed and the Hazelhurst Club simply showed that they are improving rapidly, and if they keep on at this pace it won't be long before they can make some of the best gun clubs in this section shoot to keep in the race.

After the match was over the usual extra shooting at doubles, etc., was participated in by both clubs and some of the boys did some good shooting before going back to enjoy the hospitality of Landlord Eckert, the epicure of the club. Following is the tabulated score:

SMETHPORT.
String No. 1.

Bacon	[illegible]	17
Walsh	[illegible]	16
Backus	[illegible]	[illegible]
Beers	[illegible]	11
Burdick	[illegible]	11
Palmer	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hamlin	[illegible]	16

HAZELHURST.
String No. 1.

Brown	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hall	[illegible]	[illegible]
MacKenzie	[illegible]	[illegible]
Campbell	[illegible]	17
Van Gordon	[illegible]	[illegible]
Farner	[illegible]	[illegible]
Estry	[illegible]	[illegible]

SMETHPORT.
String No. 1.

Bacon	11111 10010 01111 00111 11111	19
Walsh	11011 10011 10111 01010 11100	16
Backus	11101 11111 01111 11111 11011	22
Beers	00100 01001 01101 01011 01100	11
Burdick	01110 01010 10011 01010 10110	13
Palmer	10001 00000 10100 10001 00101	7
Hamlin	10011 11101 01010 11100 11111	17

HAZELHURST.
String No. 2.

Brown	11101 11110 10111 10110 11110	19
Huff	01001 01010 10100 10011 00011	11
MacKenzie	01111 10011 11101 11011 01111	19
Campbell	01110 11011 11100 01101 10011	16
Van Gordon	11111 11001 00111 11110 01111	19
Farner	01100 11101 00111 10010 10011	13
Estry	10101 11101 01010 11110 10111	17

When the crowd returned to the Eckert House they found an elegant spread awaiting them, although the visitors requested that no extra spread be arranged for them. All did ample justice to the bounteous repast, and voted that even though "there are larger hotels in New York" than the one under the management of Dutch Fred there are none that can serve a more delicious meal and no better fellows live than the Hazelhurst Gun Club.

Foster Brook Circle Entertained.

The local members of the Protected Home Circle entertained their brothers and sisters of the Foster Brook Circle at their lodge rooms in the Odd Fellows' block last Tuesday evening. A special train which arrived on the B., B. & K. at about 8 o'clock brought 46 members of that organization into our town for a social visit.

The visitors were met by a committee and conducted to the lodge rooms where a large delegation of the Home Circle were waiting to greet them and make their guests feel at home. A literary and musical program was carried out, in which the visitors took an active part. Dancing was also indulged in and all had a merry time until supper was announced.

The hosts had made ample preparation for the visitors and a most delicious spread was served, which was heartily enjoyed by all. The merry party continued the fun-making until after 2 a. m., the old taking as active a part in the terpsichorean art as the young. At this hour the guests departed for home highly pleased with their visit to Smethport and the Protected Home Circle.

Carriages and Buggies.

E. T. Daly, the liveryman, has a new stock of carriages and buggies which he will sell at prices that cannot fail to suit you. They are Waterloo and other standard makes. If you want a good carriage or buggy now is your opportunity.

A complete assortment of window screens and doors at Redfield's.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Married at the residence of L. Burlingame, in Hamlin township, by the Rev. R. K. Pierce, Mr. Ira Lucas and Miss Marion Stark.

We are gratified to be able to announce to the citizens of Smethport the fact that after long perseverance our enterprising friend, A. B. Armstrong, has succeeded in getting the United States Express Co. to establish an office at this place. Mr. Armstrong has been laboring energetically for a year past to get an office established at this place for the accommodation of the people and has finally accomplished his desire.

At a meeting of the members of the Catholic church held in this borough on Wednesday, Feb. 19, 1868, it was resolved to commence the building of a new Catholic church the present season on the N. E. corner of Church and King streets in this borough, the requisite amount of money having been subscribed.

G. M. Smith, better known as Mart, having recently leased the Williams House of Mr. H. F. Williams, its former landlord, is now acting the part of host in that recently refitted and newly furnished hotel. The Williams House was opened about six months ago by H. F. Williams, who has established for it the reputation of a first-class hotel, and we have no hesitation in saying that we believe the reputation of the house will be fully sustained by Mr. Smith. Mart will spare no pains in making the Williams House a resting place and home for the wearied traveler.

We notice in the Buffalo Courier of Feb. 23, 1868, among the list of graduates of the Buffalo Medical College are the names of Frederick W. Hogarth and Henry Lane McCoy of Smethport, McKean county, Pa.

On Wednesday, March 4, 1868, a small hemlock tree fell on Patrick Carl of Liberty township and broke one of his legs. His leg was so badly broken and mangled as to make amputation necessary. The operation was performed by Surgeon S. D. Freeman, assisted by Dr. F. W. Hogarth of this place. The patient is getting along finely.

We see from the reports of the proceedings of the Democratic convention held at Harrisburg on the 4th inst. that the Hon. B. D. Hamlin of this borough and W. L. Scott of Erie were selected as representative delegates for this district to attend the coming Democratic Presidential convention to be held in the city of New York on July the 4th.

It becomes our painful duty to chronicle one of the saddest events that has befallen our community for a long time. Willis Barrett, resident of Keating township, McKean county, Pa., died at 9 o'clock in the evening of Friday, March 13, 1868, after a brief but severe illness. Mr. Barrett was born at Bethlehem, New Hampshire, March 1, 1810. In 1833 he came to this county, which was then but sparsely settled, and passed a year at the "Canoe Place," now known as Port Allegany. In the following year he came onto Marvin creek where he has resided since that time—thirty-four years. He was remarkable for his industry, enterprise and sobriety. With no capital but his own willing hands and hopeful heart he wrested from the dark solitude of the hemlock forest a bounteous farm and a beautiful home. Neither the weariness of toil, sickness nor adversity ever changed the even temper of his mind or forced from his lips harsh or ungenerous expressions. His goodness of heart and kindness of disposition were uniform at all times and to all persons. We think no one can truthfully say that Mr. Barrett ever did him an intentional wrong. His sudden and untimely death has cast a gloom over the community and left a vacancy which will be deeply felt and not easily filled. His bereaved family greatly mourn their irreparable loss, but not as those who are without consolation, for their husband and father died with a Christian faith and in the dark hour of dissolution was animated by a Christian's hope.

Died, in Hamlin township, on Friday, March 13, 1868, Fitz William, son of Lieut. J. M. and Ella A. Robinson, aged 1 month and 19 days.

On Thursday, March 12, 1868, while the miners were at work in the Buttsville mines at Buttsville, Lafayette township, a portion of the covering of the mine fell in. Fortunately there was but one man seriously injured, R. Costello, who had his shoulder badly broken. Surgeon S. D. Freeman, assisted by Dr. F. W. Hogarth, set the bones. Surgeon Freeman being suddenly called away Dr. Hogarth was left to dress the shoulder. When Surgeon Freeman returned he found that Dr. Hogarth had dressed the wound with perfect skill and when last heard from the patient was doing well. Dr. Hogarth, although but recently graduated from the Buffalo Medical College, is far from being inexperienced in the science of surgery. He was hospital steward under Surgeon Freeman during the war, which was a medical and surgical school worth many years of practice in times of peace. Dr. Hogarth will undoubtedly in a short time rank among the first-class surgeons of the country.

500 PEOPLE WERE KILLED.

Cloudburst Causes Great Loss of Life and Property in Oregon.

TOWN OF HEPPNER WASHED AWAY

Flood Came Suddenly--300 Bodies Have Been Recovered—Damages In Other Towns.

An Associated Press dispatch from Portland, Ore., dated June 15, says: Five hundred people lost their lives in a cloudburst that destroyed the town of Heppner, Ore., at 6 o'clock last night.

Heppner is the county seat of Morrow county and had about 1,250 inhabitants. All the telegraph and telephone wires are down and no accurate information can be obtained, but the estimate of loss of life is based on the most reliable reports received up to to-night. A report from Ione, seventeen miles from Heppner, is to the effect that 300 bodies have been recovered.

A messenger who arrived at Ione said that a wall of water, twenty feet high rushed down into the gulch in which Heppner is situated, carrying everything before it.

The flood came so suddenly that the inhabitants were unable to seek places of safety and were carried down to death by the rush of water.

Huge boulders, some weighing a ton, were carried down by the current. Many people were killed by being crushed against the rocky bluff.

Early in the afternoon a thunderstorm occurred, covering a wide region of country. Later a heavy rainstorm set in, many of the small streams overflowing their banks in a short time. Bridges were swept away like straws.

As soon as possible after the flood had subsided the work of relief was commenced by the citizens of the town.

Dozens of bodies were found lodged along the banks of Willow creek and in several places they were piled over one another. Up to 2 o'clock this afternoon 200 bodies had been recovered within the city limits.

Hundreds of horses, cattle, sheep and hogs that had gone into the creek bottoms for water perished.

News of the calamity did not reach the outside world until today, all the means of communication having been cut off. Soon as possible news was sent by courier to the nearby towns.

The Oregon Railway & Navigation Company started a relief train with physicians and supplies from the Dalles shortly after noon. At 4:30 o'clock this afternoon another relief train started for the scene from this city. The citizens of Portland started a relief fund as soon as the news of the disaster spread over the city and within a few hours $5,000 was raised.

Supplies will be rushed to Heppner.

Fifteen buildings in the town of Lexington, nine miles below Heppner on Willow Creek were washed away but with no loss of life.

At Ione, seventeen miles away, considerable damage was done to buildings, but no loss of life is reported.

A New Law Firm.

On Monday a new law firm was formed between Fred D. Gallup and Victor B. Bouton, under the firm name of Gallup & Bouton. Mr. Gallup is one of the best known young lawyers in this county, having been the junior partner in the firm of Bouton & Gallup of this place for the past nine years. The first of this year Joseph W. Bouton, the senior member of this firm, was appointed President Judge of this district and from that time until the present Mr. Gallup has been in business by himself. Mr. Bouton, who has just entered the firm of Gallup & Bouton, is the elder son of Judge Bouton and has recently graduated from the Dickenson School of Law and been admitted to practice in this county. Both are brilliant young men, well versed in law, and we predict for them a very successful future.

Two Killed in Same Place.

Last Thursday night an Italian laborer named Tedesco was struck by a freight train an Ansonia and fatally injured. He lived only a short time after being picked up from the ditch where he had been thrown. He was standing on the track and was struck by the pilot of the engine.

The next morning a brother-in-law of the dead man met with a similar fate near the same place. He was standing on the track, showing some of his countrymen where the fatal accident occurred the night before, when he was struck by a fast freight. He received several ugly gashes about the head and was placed on the noon train to be taken to the Williamsport hospital, but he died before reaching that city.—Williamsport Gazette.

Keep Cool

By using a Shepard's Lightning Ice Cream Freezer, Lawrence Odorless Hot Plate, Monarch and Acme Ovens. The best ever. At Holmes & Gilfillan's only.

PICNIC SEASON.

The Time is Now at Hand for Securing Dates at Monarch Park

No matter how alluring the attractions of home surroundings may be, parties who go on excursions and picnic outings prefer some place away from home, where they may witness new scenes and attractions.

Among the numerous resorts, now bidding for public favor, none has more to commend it than Monarch Park, situated midway between Oil City and Franklin, Pa., and accessible by trolley from either place. In addition to the famous mineral springs, which are alone a great attraction—there being no fewer than seven of them, the water in each containing different mineral qualities—there are all the other essentials to an ideal resort for picnicing, including a handsome theater with complete scenery, stage settings, etc., in which performances of various kinds will be given; a large two-story restaurant for the convenience of those who do not wish to be bothered with baskets; a large dancing pavilion, 75x150 feet, with polished hard wood floor, making it one of the finest in the State; an amusement parlor, with a varied assortment of amusement features, which please both old and young alike; the miniature railroad; the $10,000 electric merry-go-round, carrying 140 passengers; the bear pit and zoo; the beautiful electric tower, with its myriad of varicolored lights, etc.

There is plenty of shelter in case of rain, and pavilions in which to lunch; also public kitchen, fully supplied with gas ranges, etc., for the free use of park patrons.

There are ample provisions for base ball games and other athletic sports. The band pagoda is one of the finest in the country, and the celebrated Northwestern Band and orchestra will furnish free concerts twice a day during the season. Many other features might be mentioned, while the trolley ride from Oil City to Franklin is one which cannot be surpassed. The best of order is always maintained by a corps of park policemen.

Churches, Sunday schools, lodges and societies will here find an ideal place for holding picnics, reunions, conventions, etc., and the grounds are free to all. Bookings are now being made for the season, and to prevent clashing of dates, those wishing to secure the grounds should at once address for particulars.

W. B. FILSON, Secretary,
Oil City, Pa.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF GREEK ART AND RELATED MYTHOLOGY.

Miss S. A. Scull will soon establish in Philadelphia, Pa., a Depository for sale of photographs whose subjects are comprehended under above heading.

The publisher of the Collection is William H. Rau, whose national reputation as General photographer ensures finest execution and finish.

In the original Collection prominence was given to Mythology, and it was considered as embodied in Art. Miss Scull has procured from Europe many photographs that illustrate the Development of Greek Art. By a re-arrangement of all photographs they will represent, (A) Famous Religious Centres that became Art Centres; also, (B) Schools of Art, and noted Artists.

Circulars will be issued, giving contents of catalogues that will be published in July, or in August.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 13, 1903:

Miss Lillie Alcox, John Dahlstrom, A. J. Frackelton, Dorah Lathrop, George Leib, Marida McCready, Henry Madican, D. P. Otto, Albert Schupp.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The copartnership heretofore existing between George W. Shillenn and Henry M. Torrence, under the firm name of Shillenn & Torrence, was on June 10, 1903, dissolved by mutual consent. All accounts due the late firm are payable to George W. Shillenn, to whom all bills owed by the late firm are to be presented for payment.

GEORGE W. SHILLENN,
HENRY M. TORRENCE.

Smethport Will Continue to Boom.

Railroad facilities improving, new industries coming, now is the time to buy Smethport real estate. The Smethport Land and Improvement Co. L't'd., has some excellent lots on Nelson, Cemetery, Bank, Willow and Ramer streets, which it offers for sale at prices ranging from $50 to $175 each. Call on Guy McCoy at the bank for full particulars.

Y. P. S. C. E., Denver, Colo.

Lowest rates and best train service via Nickel Plate Road. Tickets on sale July 6 to 8; good return limits. Splendid opportunity to visit Denver. Write C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y., or R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y.

A hand sprayer, 8 different streams. Vegetables, bushes, tall trees and washing windows; will reach 3d story.

J. C. HAMLIN.

When Silence Was a Virtue

By

NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure

Margaret Kelton folded the Times mechanically and laid it on the table beside her. For some time she sat in deep thought. Then she reopened the paper and studied the paragraph more closely, with a vague hope that she had made some mistake. But finally she read:

"Mr. Richard Reid Kelton, formerly popular in this city in business and social circles, now a resident of Philadelphia, is spending the cold months in Florida for the benefit of his wife's health."

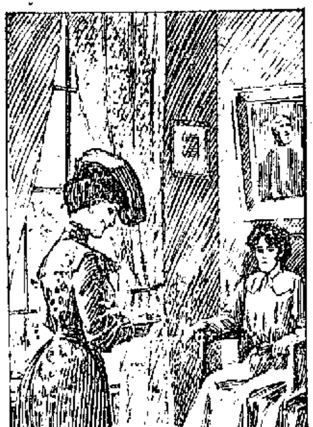
The problem of her life confronted her, or, rather, the scruple. She had never been greatly in love with the man, nor been especially antipathetic toward him. Hence it was no easy thing to do what she was forced to contemplate. But there was the other woman. Palpably the finger of duty pointed but one way.

Two days were required to put her affairs into shape and to prepare for the journey south.

There was no difficulty about the exact location. She had often been there in the past with him, before the separation five years ago, he to live his life, she her own. There was never the semblance of a quarrel. She could almost have wished there had been anything, all things, but what was.

Margaret found herself overwhelmed by a tumult of emotions as she sat in the familiar old fashioned parlor where so many of her old days had been spent. There was very little change beyond the few trifling effects wrought by the touch of a new individuality.

It was a quaint, picturesque old home, a typical architectural relic of the antebellum south. A smooth box hedge, green the year round, bordered a magnificent flower garden. Outside were wild oranges, great rows of them, whose dainty waxen blossoms of this season mingled with the glistening gold fruit of the east. Dotted about the wide Bermuda lawn were roses, pink and white and red and yellow bloomed, filling the air with midwinter fragrance.



"MY TRAIN WILL LEAVE IN TWENTY MINUTES," SHE SAID.

A half hour passed, and, impatient of waiting, Margaret rose and walked over to one of the windows.

There was a tiny artificial pond just below, with ducks skimming over its rippleless surface. Weeping willows trailed their graceful branches along the edges where daisies and white violets sprang up in profusion.

Presently a child with long yellow curls toddled down to the rim of the bank and dabbled his fingers in the water. The nurse followed close behind, laughing and protesting and trying to beguile her young charge away with a fat, stuffed elephant.

The woman turned soul sick at the sight. Here dawned another and a tragic aspect, all unsuspected.

The boy turned an eager, flushed face and held out both hands, dripping with crystal drops.

It was the face of Richard Kelton in miniature.

"Baby! Baby!"

Margaret started at the sound of a sweet, weak voice almost at her elbow and, turning, stood face to face with a very young and very delicate looking woman. But for the deep circles under the blue eyes and the lines of pain carved about a sensitive mouth it was the face of a child.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she began, with an apologetic smile. "You are waiting to see my husband on business, I believe?"

Margaret nodded.

"I completely forgot," the other went on, with a pretty air of explanation. "I was looking for my boy. I always am when I'm able to be about."

She paused out of sheer weakness and sank into a chair.

Margaret made some trivial response and slipped back into her own seat, struggling to regain her poise.

What should she do? What could she do? She could never deal the worse than deathblow to that poor little girl mother, upon whom death itself had already printed its seal. Right or not right, she must get away.

With a swift assumption of urgency she drew her watch from her belt and started to her feet. "I really must not wait longer," she said hurriedly. "My train will leave in twenty minutes."

"I'm very sorry," the other said regretfully. "It's too bad of Richard to have caused you all this annoyance, although of course it was unintentional on his part. It's nothing very important, I hope?"

"It's nothing," replied Margaret, with a fleeting smile.

"And your name you wish to leave your card, do you not?"

"I have no card with me. Never mind about the name. It really doesn't matter. Thank you, and good morning."

She passed quickly down the steep flight of steps and on down the gravel path, her head bent.

At the gate she glanced up into the eyes of Richard Kelton.

"Margaret, you you! For Mercy's sake!"

She regarded him silently, scornfully.

"I thought you were dead," the man said doggedly.

"Excuse me, but you thought no such thing," she retorted quietly.

"Well, and what are you going to do about it?" he asked with suddenly white lips.

Margaret Kelton looked at him with the contempt she could not conceal.

"I came," she returned in a low voice, "to save a woman from a man's villainy. It was the hardest undertaking of my life, but I felt that I could not be a party to crime by my silence."

"You!" he broke in. "You have ruined me, wrecked my home, my wife's happiness, stolen the name from my innocent baby!"

"Come, this is no time for heroics. Listen to me. I have done none of these things of which you accuse me, though God knows you are not the one who ought to be spared. I have seen your 'wife,' your 'innocent baby,' and for them, for their sake, I have kept silent."

He stared at her curiously, disbelievingly. "Then why did you not think of these things before and stay away?"

"Why? I will tell you. Had I found your—your wife, as I expected, however happy, however innocent, I must have told the truth. She would have thanked me, not then, perhaps, but afterward. As it is, I see only a young girl, dying, and her child—a man—perhaps a real, a great man of the future. For his sake, I want you to remember that."

The man had bowed his head. At length he looked up with strangely dim eyes.

"Thank you," he said simply; "you have shown me what true nobility is. I shall try to deserve it."

Margaret had passed noiselessly through the open gate, and the rows of clustering oranges hid her from view.

John Wesley's Quarrel.

John Wesley once had a disagreement with Joseph Bradford, his traveling companion of many years, and they agreed to part. They retired for the night, each firm in his determination and each doubtless deploring in his heart the separation soon to follow between two who had been so devoted and so perfectly helpful. In the morning Wesley asked Bradford if he had considered during the night their [illegible].

"Yes, sir," said Bradford.

"And do you still persist?" continued Wesley.

"I do, sir," said Bradford gravely.

"But will you not ask my pardon?" demanded Wesley.

"No, sir."

"You won't?"

"No, sir."

"In that case," said Wesley gently, "I must ask yours."

It was not the ending which Bradford anticipated. A moment he hesitated, and then, breaking into tears, he followed Wesley's example and forgave and was forgiven.—Youth's Companion.

Japan's Hairy Ainos.

A traveler in Japan thus describes the hairy Ainos of that country: "The men are about the middle height, broad chested, broad shouldered, thick set, very strongly built, the arms and legs short, thick and muscular, the hands and feet large. The bodies, and especially the limbs, of many are covered with short, bristly hair. I have seen two boys whose backs are covered with fur as fine and soft as that of a cat. We were ferried over a river by an Aino completely covered with hair, which on his shoulders was wavy like that of a retriever and rendered clothing quite needless either for covering or for warmth. A wavy black beard rippled nearly to his waist over his furry chest, and with his black locks hanging in masses over his shoulders he would have looked a thorough savage had it not been for the exceeding sweetness of his smile and eyes."

Pandemonium In a Pamphlet.

They were very controversial in those days.

First.—Bowles wrote a book about Pope.

Second.—Campbell abused Bowles' book on Pope.

Third.—Bowles replied to Campbell's abuse of Bowles on Pope.

Fourth.—Byron wrote an answer to Bowles' answer to Campbell's abuse of Bowles' book on Pope.

Fifth.—John Bull wrote a letter to Byron about Byron's answer to Bowles' answer to Campbell's abuse of Bowles' book on Pope.

Sixth.—Dr. Garnett has a theory of the authorship of John Bull's letter to Byron about Byron's comments on Bowles' answer to—it is like "The House That Jack Built!"—Andrew Lang in Longman's.

His Idea Capacity.

"I read somewhere the other day," said Mr. Henpeck, "that one of the big mercantile corporations pays a certain man $1,000 for each idea he furnishes. George, I'd like to have a chance of that kind!"

"Wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Henpeck. "Do you want your innocent wife and child to starve?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

So Smart.

Gerald—May I kiss you?

Geraldine—Mother is in the next room.

Gerald—That's all right. Your father can kiss her.—Illustrated Bits.

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.

They Are Oftentimes the Cause of Collisions at Sea.

Speaking of collisions at sea, a sea captain recently said:

"I think I can explain the cause of many collisions which otherwise seem to be mysterious. They arise from the fact that green and red are complementary colors. Every ship under way carries at night a red light burning on her left or port side and a green light burning on her right or starboard side. Yet vessels go crashing into each other upon nights when these lights must be plainly visible from their decks. And when the case comes up in court and an effort is made to establish the blame of the accident honest men swear directly opposite to each other and believe they are telling the truth.

"The captain of one ship, for instance, will swear that he saw a red light on his port bow and held his course. A little later he saw a green light there, starboarded his helm, and the collision followed. The men on the other ship swear that where the captain says he saw a green light a red light was burning.

"Now, how does this happen? It happens this way: The captain looks for awhile intently at the red light on the other vessel. Then for some reason he changes his line of vision, probably due to a bulging sail above the light, and, lo, he sees at once a green light, shifts his helm and crash, he goes into her! He really does not see any light at all when he looks at the sail, but an optical illusion makes him think he does.

"Try it yourself. Just gaze intently at a bright red, round object for awhile and then suddenly look at a blank white wall. A green spot will appear to you. Winking the eyes will hasten its appearance."—New York Press.

TIMING EXPOSURES.

A Work In Which Photographers Become Remarkably Accurate.

The photographer was about to take a picture of a young woman. "It's so dark here," he said, "that I guess I'll give you about thirty seconds," and, drawing out the slide and removing the cap, he began to count in a measured and mechanical tone, "one, two, three, four, five," and so on. When the exposure was finished the sitter said, "You gave more than thirty seconds to that plate. You counted very slow—I'm sure it took you a full minute to count thirty."

The photographer handed his watch to the young woman. He said: "I'll count thirty again. Time me." And he made the count exactly as before and he was just twenty nine seconds making it. "One second off not so bad. Near my old record, in fact," said the photographer. "Ten years ago, when I made more pictures than I do today, I could by counting make exposures up to five minutes without being more than a second off. I usually I'd be a second under; but, over or under, it was only by one second that I'd be out of the way. But," he added, "this gift is not remarkable. Nearly every photographer has it. Nearly every one of us can guess spaces of time running from a half a second to five or six minutes with what is for all practical purposes perfect accuracy."—Philadelphia Record.

Nature the Only Healer.

Medicine never did any person a particle of good except for digestion, assimilation going into circulation, etc. No salve contains any healing property except as a protection to keep away the effect of oxygen in the air, dirt or any foreign substance from coming in contact with the part affected. The natural powers of our being possess the only power to heal. Anything that may be done to assist in a natural way is good—contrary, bad. Give good food to make good blood. Breathe good air, rest and not overexercise to the extent of fatigue. Then the body will recuperate. Then the wound will be healed by healthy serum that is secreted to heal all wounds, not the salve. The salve protects from outside influence, while the machinery within goes on with its work. Nature does it all.—Medical Talk.

One Way to Keep Accounts.

In a book of accounts found on the premises of a bankrupt dealer in a city in the west of England were the following names of customers to whom credit had been given and which would have puzzled all the official receivers in the kingdom: Woman on the key, Jew woman, coal woman, old coal woman, fat coal woman, market woman, pale woman, a man, old woman, littel milk girl, candle man, stableman, coachman, big woman, lame woman, quiet woman, egg man, littel black girl, Jew man, Mrs. in a cart, old Irish woman, woman in Corn street, a lad, man in the country, long Sal, Mrs. Irish woman, Mrs. feather bonnett, blue bonnett, green bonnett, green coat, blue britches, big britches, the woman that was married and the woman that told me of the man.—London Tit-Bits.

In an Old Time House.

To go down into the low celled kitchen, with its heavy, rough hewn timbers and its great fireplace with the logs fast turning to coals; to look into the old brick oven, where bread for a regiment could easily have been baked, and, perchance, to be asked to sit down on the old wooden settee under the little window, where the pot of flowers stands and drink tea from a quaint blue cup will complete the charm the place has thrown about you. Many fantasies will throng the mind, and the shadows cast upon the walls by the wavering light make this house their home—one booted and spurred and with a military step, the other a rustle of silk and a whiff of rare perfume.—Four Track News.

A Question.

"What do you think of the new boarder?" asked Mrs. Starvem.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Starboard.

"I think he's very polite."

"Either that or very sarcastic. Did you hear him ask me if I'd have the 'cream'?"—Philadelphia Press.

PAYING TELLERS' ERRORS.

Those Officials Are Usually Ready to Rectify Mistakes.

A bank officer, referring in a recent address to the responsibility of paying tellers, declares that the idea that such officials were rarely willing to rectify mistakes had little basis in fact. He added: "How is it that there exists in the minds of many the idea that paying tellers are inclined to resent even the suggestion that they make errors in counting money? I have never known one who made the slightest claim to infallibility. Who has not heard the ancient and oft told story of a teller who was asked by a person for whom he has cashed a check if he had not made a mistake? As the narrative usually runs the self satisfied money counter behind the desk is inclined to become indignant and replies in a pompous and abrupt manner that he never makes mistakes. The considerate party then states that the amount paid him exceeded that named in the check, but the teller still maintains that there can be no error either way, as he never makes mistakes.

"Where is the teller who upon being told he had made an error would fail to politely inquire as to the nature of the same? The inference is that tellers are possessed of so much vanity and conceit that they lose the amount said to be overpaid rather than acknowledge an error. How unlikely and ridiculous!"—New York Post.

Justus Von Liebig.

Von Liebig was skillful in correcting popular delusions on scientific subjects. A notable example of this may be found in the overthrow of the once much discussed theory of "spontaneous combustion," a comparatively modern error, dating, it seems, only from the year 1725, but which persisted long after Lavoisier had explained the real nature of fire, which was from time to time put forward with success in the defense of persons on trial for murder and received its last support from Charles Dickens. His success in this direction throws a pleasant light on the progress of civilization. One wonders what it would have been the fate of Von Liebig had he opposed himself to such an error in the sixteenth century, when Kepler could only save his mother from going to the stake for witchcraft by satisfying her judges that she possessed none of the signs essential to a witch. In those days Kepler did not dare to say that there were no such things as witches.—W. A. Shenstone in Cornhill Magazine.

Phrenology.

Phrenology is usually thought to have been first expounded by Gall and Spurzheim and to be a comparatively modern so called "science." But it can be traced back to the sixteenth century at least, for in a book published at that time by "Mayster Jherome of Bruynswicke" is a profile of a head on which are most distinctly marked phrenological attributes. "Imaginativa" occupies the place now given on the charts to "ideality;" "fantasia" takes the place of the modern "marvelousness," "estimativa" of "constructiveness," while "cogitativa" is given instead of "hope." The author states that the brain hath cells or chambers, and each cell containeth a part of the understanding, and that those parts may be expressly seen in the figure of the head. Phrenologists can at least disclaim against their beliefs being newfangled.—London Chronicle.

Hat Etiquette.

Tipping the hat is a rare thing among men when there are no women around. A few fine old fellows cherish the habit of tipping to each other and to strangers when introduced, but ordinarily the hand never touches the brim. In business offices there is no sort of etiquette. Men in the sweep and rush of business have no time to give thought to hats. But certain decencies should prevail. On entering a private office look at the head of the occupant. If he has his hat on, keep yours on; if his hat is off, remove yours. The removal of your hat is a compliment and a courtesy and does not indicate that you are inferior or subservient.—New York Press.

Her Age.

"Madam," replied the judge sternly, "you must answer the question. What is your age?"

"I was born the same year your honor was. That would make me about"—

"It isn't necessary to go into particulars," interposed the judge stiffly. "Gentlemen, have you any further use for the witness? You may stand aside, madam."

A Typographical Error.

"I've come," said the visitor, "to see why you called me a political jobber in your paper today."

"I regret that error of the types quite as much as you," replied the editor.

"Ah! Then you didn't mean to call me that?"

"No, sir. I wrote 'robber' very distinctly."—Philadelphia Press.

Rejoicing With Her.

Minnie—Well, I'm glad Kit Spurlong is going to be married at last.

Lottie—The tone of your voice doesn't indicate it.

Minnie—But I am. When the list of marriage licenses is published everybody will find out she's thirty-seven years old.—Chicago Tribune.

Absent Minded.

"Butterfly is awfully absent minded."

"What is his latest?"

"He was driving a nail and hammered his thumb. He howled and put the nail in his mouth and tried to fling his thumb on the floor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Men do not change much, after all. Three hundred years ago a wise man wrote this: "A man knows little who tells his wife all he knows."—Atchison Globe.

Don't think that every sad eyed woman you meet has loved and lost. She may have loved and got him.—Lyre.

ROMAN HOT BATHS.

They May Have Caused the Downfall of the Imperial City.

When Rome was in her glory and men were strong and women beautiful, they set first importance upon the bath. There were 800 public baths in imperial Rome.

Before taking a bath the Roman took a little exercise. In the later history of Rome the room in which he undressed was heated, and after undressing he was anointed with oil. Then came the scratching and rubbing of the skin with the strigil. Following this perspiration was promoted by heated air or a hot bath. The bath was completed with a cold douche or cold plunge. Finally the body was anointed again.

It is believed by many writers that the introduction of the hot bath in the place of the cold bath among the Romans was the principal cause of their downfall. The luxury of the hot bath was weakening and destroyed that personal valor and hardihood for which the Romans were notorious in their earlier history.

Little by little the enervating influence of the hot bath gradually sapped away the vitality of the Roman soldier until the more hardy men of the north found them very easy foes to conquer.—Medical Talk.

Passing of the Aristocrats.

The Revolution, in giving us a separate nationality, had not destroyed time honored traditions. Our manners and customs were English, bred in the bone, our point of view that of the mother country. Freedom and equality were political terms that no one dreamed of applying to social life. What gave position at that time was inherited distinction. Its possession was free from self consciousness—simply an advantage of birth, which that Providence who had always shown an affinity to hierarchies saw fit to bestow on a favored class. The community was divided by the grace of God into gentlemen and others; perhaps it would be more exact to say gentlemen, their servants and others. The privacy of these gentlemen concerned themselves only. There were no "social happenings" heralded in their newspapers to force notoriety upon family life. How it would have astonished these early aristocrats if they could have anticipated the fictitious importance later days would attach to their privileges!—Elizabeth Duer in Smart Set.

Oriental Jugglery.

An eyewitness of a celebrated feat of oriental jugglery tells the following story of what he thought he saw a band of Indian fakirs accomplish: "They produced a chain seventy five feet in length and in my presence threw one end of it toward the sky, where it remained as if fastened to something in the air. A dog was then brought forward and, being placed at the lower end of the chain, immediately ran up and, reaching the other end, disappeared in the air. In the same manner a hog, a panther, a lion and a tiger were successively sent up the chain and all disappeared at the upper end. At last they [illegible] down the chain and put it in a bag, no one ever having seen in what manner the different animals were made to vanish."

Spanish Brides.

There are no bridesmaids at a Spanish wedding, but instead a [illegible] generally godmother, is present with the witnesses. There is no bride-cake, but there is a reception and very often a feast after the ceremony. Before the wedding takes place the bride's new home is made ready for her reception, for the honeymooners do not start on their travels until the day after their marriage.

Before their departure they pay a polite visit to their respective parents. On their return dainty sweetmeats in pretty boxes are sent round to their friends. No visits are paid till little cards have been sent "offering their house."

A Lightning Change Artist.

The rapidity with which chameleons change their color is marvelous. You gather one from an outdoor shrub and it immediately becomes dark, almost black, hissing and with its mouth wide open, threatening to bite. Meanwhile it is never still, but continues to crawl upward whenever possible—up you, up your sleeve, always upward. By degrees the angry black changes into whatever color is nearest. If one's dress is of a brownish color so is the chameleon's.

Greed.

"Don't you think that people pay too much attention to money nowadays?"

"No, I don't," answered Senator Sorghum. "Time was when a five dollar bill looked as big as a farm to a member of the legislature. Now he won't pay any attention to it whatever."—Washington Star.

Just the Reverse.

"Th' boss don't allus keep his word," remarked the office boy.

"What's he been doin' now?" inquired the stenographer.

"He told me when he went out this mornin' that he'd call me up on the telephone. 'Stead of that he called me down for not answerin' it when he come back from lunch."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Her Ultimatum.

Railway Surveyor—We are going to run a railway line right through your barn.

Farmer's Wife—All right; I don't mind. But you remember that I will have no trains after 9 o'clock at night. I have no intention of getting up after that to open the door for the trains to go through.

All Arranged.

Manager—When you come to that line wait for the applause.

Actor—How do you know there will be applause?

Manager—That is my business, not yours.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions; they hold him.—Butler.

Professional Cards.

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Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
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Office over D. C. Young's store [illegible]
[illegible]
Office hours [illegible]

HOTELS

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA.
This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.
First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
M. B. PIERCE, Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

CHADWICK HOUSE,
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Larabee, Penn'a,
First-class in every respect
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
GLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
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MODERN PHARMACY.

Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, sciedtific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

PERFUMES

we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

J. W. Voorhees,

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ARE YOU BUILDING?

A new house or repairing an old one? If you are we have everything you need and would like to give you prices.

CEMENT,
LIME,
WALL PLASTER,
BRICK,
DOORS, WINDOWS, &C.,
LUMBER,
SEWER PIPE, LAND TILE,
SHINGLES AND ALL THE REST.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 18, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Bring your job work to this office.

—Hear Mme. Rive-King and Miss McCalmont at the Lyceum to-night.

—Holmes & Gilfillan are building a wagon with cage for Sparks' circus.

—A June reduction sale is advertised by F. G. Lindholm & Co. this week.

—The Bolivar Gun Club will hold its fourth annual tournament on Wednesday, July 1.

—Holmes & Gilfillan advertise Bug-Death this week. This should interest all farmers and gardeners.

—The Reliance has fully demonstrated its superiority over the Constitution and Columbia in the races recently held for that purpose.

—George W. Shillenn, the merchant tailor, is offering special reductions on spring and summer suits in his advertisement this week.

—Amy Shepardson, graduate of Warner's Business College, has accepted the position of bookkeeper for the Co-Operative Shoe Co. at Bradford.

—The site for the new Bradford hospital has been selected. It will be at the corner of Bennett and Pleasant streets, directly opposite the old hospital.

—Football rules have been changed quite radically this year and those who intend to play the game or act as an official should get busy reading the rules.

—Sir Thomas Lipton's cup challengers, Shamrock III and Shamrock I, arrived in New York last Sunday morning. These boats stood the sea voyage well and now all will get ready for the races.

—Miss Minnie Smith entertained some of her young friends Tuesday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Edith McGuire of Smethport, Pa. The usual enjoyments were indulged in.—Jeannette Dispatch.

—An Oil City man has adopted a novel way of preventing the putting in of a switch on his land. He buried nitro glycerine where the switch was to go and then informed the construction gang of the fact.

—Burglars entered the home of Rev. Father Blake at Mt. Jewett last Thursday evening during Rev. Blake's absence but were frightened away without getting any plunder by the reverend gentleman's return home.

—"The Excuse of a Sneak" is the Rev. Gaylard Patterson's subject for next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. Love feast will be observed at ten o'clock. The Lord's Supper will be celebrated at the service at 10:30 a. m.

—The Kane ball team won two games from the Sioux Indians last Thursday. One of the games was played in the evening by gasoline torches and it is pronounced a great success. However, it probably will never take the place of the regular national game.

—A dispatch from Glen Hazel, dated June 14, says: Norman Temple of this place was killed this afternoon and Charles Temple hurt so badly that he is not expected to live. They were at Ketner and about to board a passing freight train. A pusher engine came along on the other track and struck them.

—Children's Day was observed at the M. E. church last Sunday. The interior of the church was very tastefully decorated with flowers and foliage and flags were in abundance in recognition of Flag Day. The exercises in the evening, consisting of songs and recitations by the members of the Sunday school, pleased the large audience in attendance.

—An immense corporation has recently been organized under the name of the Central Pennsylvania Lumber Co., with head offices at Williamsport which has acquired all the timber lands, mills, etc., of the Keystone Lumber Co., the Elk, Penn and Union Tanning companies. A large lot of this company is in Spring Creek township, Elk county.—Ridgway Advocate.

—Saturday was the 126th birthday of the American flag. It was on the 14th of June, 1777, that the Continental Congress adopted the famous resolution: "That the flag of the United States be 13 stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be 13 stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." Then Betsy Ross, of patriotic memory, made the first flag with her own hands, in the house at Philadelphia that stands to this day. On April 4th, 1818, Congress enacted that the 13 horizontal stripes, representing the original States, should be permanent, and that on the admission of a new State, one star be added to the union of the flag. At that time there were only 20 States. The glorious cluster now numbers 45.—Bradford Era.

Tourist Resorts.

During summer season the Nickel Plate Road will sell special excursion tickets to the famous tourist resorts in the West at very low rates, including Denver, Salt Lake, El Paso and other points in Colorado, Minnesota, Iowa, etc. Inquire of local agents or R. E. Payne Gen'l Agt., 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Vacation Opportunities.

You can now visit almost any of the beautiful western summer resorts at greatly reduced rates via Nickel Plate Road. Do not miss this opportunity to visit the West. Inquire of local agents or R. E. Payne, Gen'l Agt., 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Correspondence

FARMERS VALLEY.

[illegible] Valley [illegible] play of [illegible] evening [illegible]. And we are going to have several races, among which I will mention the potato race conducted by Chairman B. Derby [illegible].

Mrs. Barry and daughter, Miss Agnes, of Coleville, who were in Buffalo, returned home Friday evening. They called on Mrs. P. McGill and daughter, Miss Nellie, on their return.

The flyer on the Buffalo line passed through this vicinity last Sunday evening. They were enroute for St. Marys.

Mrs. B. F. Sprague left last Saturday morning for her parents' home at Clarksville, where she will visit for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lewis attended gospel meetings at Colegrove last Saturday and Sunday.

N. Smith, who is employed at Skinner creek, spent last Sunday with his family in this vicinity.

Dr. Vincent of Cuba, N. Y., was called here one day last week on a business mission.

Mrs. Frank Caldwell, who has been sick for a few weeks, is convalescing at this writing.

Miss Mattie Bennett of Bradford is visiting friends in this place at the present writing.

Newton Grigsby of Port Allegany was calling on relatives in this place last Monday.

"Curly" Wilcox of Newport was transacting business in this place one day recently.

Several town people attended the dance at Rew City last Friday evening.

B. Oviatt of East Smethport was seen in our town last Monday morning.

Charles Gallup of Straight called on friends in our town last Friday.

Mr. Steinhauer of Clermont was seen on our streets last Saturday.

Mrs. Rickey spent last Sunday in Colegrove.

Emery Pattey spent last Sunday in Olean.

Sources of Color.

An interesting [illegible] has been published [illegible] journal of the sources of color. From this it appears that the [illegible] insects furnish the [illegible] carmine, scarlet [illegible] and purple lakes; the cuttlefish gives sepia, that is, the inky fluid which the fish discharges in order to [illegible] when [illegible]; the Indian yellow comes from the [illegible] [illegible] produced from [illegible] Persia [illegible] [illegible] derived from [illegible] [illegible] madder, the plant which grows in Hindustan, the yellow sap of a Siamese tree produces gamboge; raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Sienna, Italy; raw umber is an earth found near Umbria; India ink is made from burned camphor; mastic is made from the gum of the mastic tree, which grows in the Grecian archipelago; bister is the soot of wood ashes; very little real ultramarine, obtained from the precious lapis lazuli, is found in the market.

Cutting Off the Nose For Punishment

Rameses II. of Egypt cut off the nose of any person convicted of treason or arson. Actisanes, another Egyptian ruler, punished robbers in the same way. After each nose had been amputated back even with the "bridge" the culprit was sent to a colony of noseless felons, the place of banishment being known as Rhinocorura, from the nature of the punishment its colonists had undergone.

In England in 1671 Lord Coventry, then "great keeper of the British seal," had his nose cut off by order of the king because he had dared to ask some questions about an actress then playing at Drury Lane theater.

A conscript who protested openly that he had been enrolled in the army of Frederick the Great in a fraudulent manner had his nose amputated by order of that sovereign, who spoke of the punishment as an "indelible mark on the front side of the face."

Shipping Cinnamon.

Cinnamon is so extraordinarily sensitive that great care has to be taken with regard to its surroundings on board ship, as a bale of very fine cinnamon will lose much of its delicate aroma if packed among bales of coarser bark. Various expedients have been tried to remedy this. The Portuguese and Dutch isolated the bales by packing them in cocoanut fiber or in cattle hides, but it is found that the only real safeguard is to pack bags of pepper between the bales.—"Two Happy Years In Ceylon."

Odd Laws of Borneo.

When the Dyaks of Borneo have to decide between two disputants they give to each the same sized lump of salt. These lumps are dropped into water, and he whose lump is dissolved first is decided to be in the wrong. Or they put two live shellfish on a plate, one for each litigant, and squeeze lime juice over them. The verdict is given according to which man's fish stirs first.

"It"

is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Got a package to-day at your grocers.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., LE ROY, N. Y.

The Impossible.

[illegible] the duke that it was impossible.

"The duke sent for another officer, a much younger man and attached to another division of the army. This officer did what the duke required.

"The next morning there appeared in the 'orders of the day' the following epigrammatic note: 'He who in war fails to do what he undertakes may always plead accident, which invariably attends military affairs; but he who declares a thing to be impossible which is subsequently accomplished registers his own incapacity.'"

Most Expensive Tree In the World.

Probably the most expensive tree in the world is in the City of London, on the corner of Cheapside and Wood street, about midway between the Bank of England and St. Paul's. It is an enormous oak, and is said to be 100 years old. It is protected by a clause in the deed of the property which forbids destruction of tree or branches. Architects were compelled to plan a rather peculiar building to avoid the branches. There it stands in the corner of one of the busiest streets in London, occupying ground of enormous value and positively the only tree in the City of London outside of the parks.

Love is sometimes a hard taskmaster. He drives women to tasks beyond their strength and lays heavy burdens on their shoulders. Love of husband, love of family forces many a woman day by day to labor for the home when aching back and throbbing head make her utterly unfit for household duties.

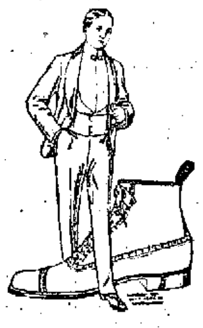
Weak, nervous women who suffer from headache, backache, bearing-down pains, and other consequences of womanly disease, can be completely cured by the use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

[illegible]

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure dizziness and sick headache.

THE FAMOUS.

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.



This Week

We will capture the men who will surrender us the sum of

$10.0

for elegant suits of clothes which would be cheap at $15.00, and

$3.50

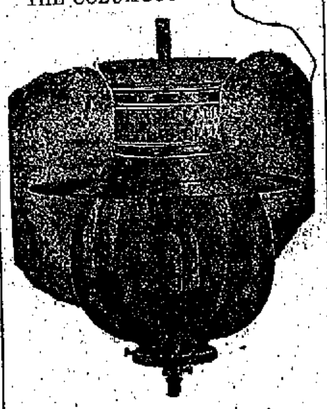
for WALKOVER SHOES.

None better for double the price.

Your Money's Worth or Your Money Back.

Wm. Monheimer.

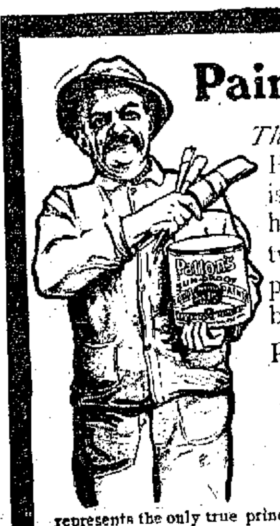
THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES, RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.



Paint Values

The practical painter says, Patton's Sun-Proof Paint is cheap paint for a good house because it lasts twice as long. It's good paint for a cheap house because it beautifies and preserves it.

Patton's SUN-PROOF Paint

represents the only true principle of scientific paint making, combining the highest degree of beauty with the greatest covering capacity and durability. It is a dependable paint. It does not lose its lustre. It does not peel, crack or chalk off. Guaranteed to wear five years. Send for book of Paint Knowledge and Advice (free) to

PATTON PAINT CO., Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR SALE BY

J. C. HAMLIN, Smethport, Pa.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right. We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of C. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We [illegible] put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

[illegible] order and if everything is not perfect [illegible].

VOORHEES & McCARTY,

Bush Building, EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

Good Coffee or Tea

[illegible] some of the advertisements [illegible] wonderful substitutes [illegible]. We have the finest line in the place as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

Brasted's ICE CREAM By the DISH, QUART or GALLON.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS: $1.50 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES

Display advertisements inserted at the rate of $1.00 per column inch per annum, payable monthly. One-half more will be charged for deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 18, 1903.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
WILLIAM P. SNYDER
of Chester county.

STATE TREASURER,
WILLIAM L. MATTHEWS,
of Delaware County

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES,
THOMAS A. MORRISON,
of McKean county
JOHN J. HENDERSON,
of Crawford county.

COUNTY.

PRESIDENT JUDGE
JOSEPH W. BOUTON,
of Smethport.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
WALTER OSTRANDER,
of Liberty township.

THE new King of Servia is merely a figurehead on the throne, according to the press dispatches. The army and its officers are said to be the real head of the government.

THERE will be no strike in the anthracite coal region on account of the operators refusing to recognize the credentials of the district presidents. At a meeting held in Scranton Tuesday all differences were settled and district presidents elected who are satisfactory to both miners and operators.

DOWN in Mexico a newspaper has been suppressed and the editor put in jail for cartooning a public official. But that is nothing. In England a hundred years ago, as we are informed by the Governor of Pennsylvania, for a less offense a man would have been drawn and quartered and his head stuck on a pike without the city walls.—Philadelphia Press.

THERE will likely be a wholesale deportation of Chinamen from this country within the next few weeks. In all parts of the United States immigrant inspectors are making a concerted effort to locate the Chinese who have entered this country within the last two years contrary to law. In the work of hunting suspects the inspectors have been assisted by special men sent from Washington.

MORE than a year and a half ago Theodore Roosevelt unexpectedly became President of the United States. Since then the country has witnessed the spectacle of a chief executive doing little but electioneering for the next nomination.—Buffalo Courier.

Roosevelt's work has been so well done that it has made his nomination a certainty. As a strike-breaker, a defender of the Monroe doctrine, an alert director of popular and patriotic movements, and an indefatigable worker in the routine and extraordinary duties of his office, he has shown his "strenuousness" persistently and effectively. In all that he has done the Courier can only see "electioneering." If that's what it is, it's a kind of politics that should be emulated.—Bradford Era.

OPINIONS differ as to the real effect that the press muzzling measure will have. It is believed that it is unconstitutional and will so be declared whenever the test is made before the Supreme Court. Passed irregularly and without any respect whatever for law, and having for its object the muzzling of a press that the Constitution of Pennsylvania declares shall not be muzzled, it is a little difficult to see how it can survive, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, but in any event the fact still remains that it is vicious in tone and in tendency; that it is opposed diametrically to liberty and should it be on the statute books in November of next year, when an election is had for members of the Legislature, it cannot fail to become an issue against which all other issues will be pigmies. The bill is doomed either by the Supreme Court or by the people.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 15, 1903.

What the French call a "bad quarter of an hour" awaits the President to-day. He has promised to entertain the national committee of the B'nai Brith, the greatest Jewish organization in the world, and listen to their protests against the treatment of their fellow countrymen at Kishenev. That his interview with the prominent Hebrews who will call on him will be embarrassing the President fully appreciates. He has consulted Secretary Hay and Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador, and he is unable to find grounds which, from a diplomatic standpoint, will warrant anything in the nature of a protest to Russia and yet his entire sympathies are with the Jews and if he could he would gladly comply with their wishes and express to Russia the horror with which he has learned of the Kishenev atrocities. Mr. Roosevelt also appreciates that aside from the diplomatic aspect of the situation, this country, at least to some extent, lives in a glass house. Our own record is not without a blot. Only recently a colored man was burned and shot in a western state and lynchings, riotings and dynamitings within the past year have been numerous. The federal government does all in its power to correct these abuses but cannot prevent them and that is the profession of Russia, so that whether we believe in Russia's sincerity or not we can hardly affront her by an expression of open incredulity.

Another delicate situation has been precipitated by the recent Servian revolution, accompanied as it was by the assassination of the King and Queen and many of the subjects who remained loyal to them. Regardless of the merits of the case it is impossible not to be horrified at the frightful violence of the revolutionists and yet there is no diplomatic warrant for an expression of sympathy and regret, especially as such would be immediately construed as an insult to the new ruler. Under the circumstances President Roosevelt will refrain from an expression on the subject as will doubtless the representatives of many other nations.

The postoffice investigation is still progressing, not as rapidly or as sensationally, perhaps, as some might wish but with the absolute thoroughness which characterizes all of Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow's work. The investigation is now concentrated largely on the work of former superintendent of salaries and allowances, George W. Beavers, on the New York postoffice and on the relations of H. H. Rand, "confidential clerk" to the postmaster general. The President appreciates that Rand is entirely unfit for his present position and is relying on Bristow to demonstrate to the postmaster general that such is the case. Rand has occupied most of his time since his connection with the government service in the exploitation of mining stocks and get-rich quick concerns with which he is associated. These he has promoted with the help of government stenographers and on the stationery of the postmaster general's office.

It will be a great surprise to all who are intimately acquainted with the machinations of the Machen ring if Beavers is not to be seriously involved. He has offered to turn states evidence and his offer has been rejected. From this it is argued that evidently the inspectors already have sufficient evidence without accepting his help. It has developed that there has been no thorough inspection of the New York postoffice for a considerable period because it has been given out in the department that First Assistant Perry Heath was responsible for many irregularities for political purposes which would not bear the strong light of an investigation and that any inquiry would inevitably precipitate a political scandal. As to the political aspect of the current investigation it is stated by Senator Depew and other prominent Republicans that a thorough cleaning out of the Post Office Department cannot but reflect credit on the President and his entire administration.

Advices received from confidential agents of this country in Colombia indicate that there is considerable likelihood of a revolution there as a direct result of the Panama canal proposition made by this government. It is reported that if the Colombian congress fails to promptly ratify the treaty the states of Panama and Cauca, both of which are on the isthmus, will secede from the main country. While it is probable that such secession would be resisted to some extent it is doubtful if the resistance would be successful. The northern portion of the Andes practically cuts off all communication between these two states and the rest of the country by land and the Colombian government has no navy. Moreover the government is bankrupt and could hardly raise the funds with which to carry on a war. The two states named would make a country larger than the republic of Rica and all of the inhabitants favor the construction of the canal. As the two states would be virtually divided by the canal zone there would be almost two countries after the canal was built and it is probable that a peaceful and prosperous little republic which could easily meet its necessities with the $250,000 annuity which this country will pay as rental for the canal would result from such a revolution.

The plans for the 13,000 ton battleships, the Idaho and Mississippi, have been completed but do not meet with the approval of any of the naval officers on duty in Washington. They are heavily armored, as much so as many of the 15,000 and 16,000 ton ships but in order to combine this heavy armor and light draft it has been necessary to sacrifice speed with the result that the new vessels will have a maximum speed of not over sixteen knots an hour. All modern European naval vessels are being designed to have a maximum speed of nineteen knots so that they would be able to sail all around vessels of the Idaho and Minnesota type. Moreover, the coal carrying capacity of the new vessels will be small so that the constant attendance of colliers will be necessitated. Admiral Melville, engineer in chief, has expressed himself as thoroughly disgusted with the provisions of the appropriation bill which necessitates building this class of vessel.

How to Save Money.

One way is to purchase your building lot from the Smethport Land and Improvement Co. L't'd. The excellent lots offered by this concern will soon be sold. You can pay $10 down and the balance in small instalments. Call on or address Guy McCoy, Smethport.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

BELL BROS.

PRESENTS FOR MR. and MRS. NEWLY WED FROM OUR FURNITURE DEPT. STORE.

50 styles of oak and mahogany rockers, cobbler or saddle seat or upholstered, $2.99 to $35.00.

Old Oak and Solid Mahogany Parlor and Library Tables, beautifully finished, $2.46 to $35.00.

Couch bargains, golden oak frame, velour cover, best steel constructed springs, very special $7.98.

Golden Oak Side Board, one special drawer for silver, large French plate mirror, handsomely carved, very special, $13.92.

We pack carefully and ship all furniture free of charge.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of Southwestern New York

J. COLEGROVE.

Just received a Case of the celebrated Black Cat hose. All sizes 15 and 25c. They will outwear any hose on the market selling at same price.

Try Polo Soap, 10 cakes for 25c.

Try Peanut Butter for a sandwich.

Try Chase & Sanborn's Teas and Coffees.

We have the largest bottle of 10c Olives in town.

New York State Potatoes, no sprouts, no bad ones, all nice eatable and mealy, 75c bushel.

F. S. Flour gives best satisfaction as a bread maker. Try it.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHPORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Do you wear the J. K. shoes?

You don't get the most style and good service for your money unless you do. Next time insist upon having them—no other shoes equal them for all around goodness.

$2.50, $3.00 or $3.50

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W. DICKERSON.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

L. K. Hogarth

has an elegant new line of fine soap at low prices.

CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS.

SOMETHING NEW IN STATIONERY

We know how to make and serve the most delicious drinks. We are sole agents for the famous Warren I X L Ice Cream.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS - - $30,000.00,

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

$10 IF $10

YOU WANT A

10 DOLLAR SUIT

We want to say [illegible] Ten Dollars is [illegible]

They are perfect fitting [illegible] as any man might wear [illegible] satisfactory the very first [illegible] and that continue to satisfy [illegible]

We've a Ten Dollar [illegible] Wool Serges, Cheviots, Scotch [illegible] plain colors, handsome mixtures [illegible] if you like—we shall [illegible]

It is easy to match [illegible] not so easy to match [illegible]

H. W. RUBIN.

TERHUNE UNION-MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILOR, CLOTHIER & FURNISHER.

$10 SMETHPORT, PA. $10

Discounts Better Than Trading Stamps.

Desiring to reduce my stock as much as possible for the next few weeks have decided to sell my groceries for cash prices and give a discount to my customers of 5 per cent from same on bills amounting to more than $1.00.

On all other goods in my store, including dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, caps, ribbons, notions, draperies, underwear, etc., I will give a discount of 10 per cent on all bills amounting to $1.00 and over.

When purchasing do not fail to ask for discounts as you will be entitled to same until further notice.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., April 27, 1903.

Special Reduction Sale.

From now until July 4 I will sell, to reduce my stock, all suits at the following reduced prices:

$22 SUITS for $20.
$25 " " $22.
$28 " " $25.

Higher priced suits in proportion.

G. W. Shillenn,
The Leading Tailors
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

New Spring Hats Are Here.

Every kind you can think of. The newest and swellest styles at lowest prices. We have also the Celebrated Dunlap Hat now open. Do not forget this, is the leading Hat in the United States and the best Hat in the world. Nobby Spring Neckwear, Shirts and Hosiery in endless variety.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

There is Something Doing.

Our stock for the spring doin's is complete. We can furnish your house or office in better shape and for less money than the small dealers

We please where others fail

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,
16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

SOLE AGENCY
Queen Quality Shoes.

Our STANDARD PATTERN Dept.
is now showing patterns for July. Misses' and Children's Pat [illegible]

JUNE REDUCTION SALE.

--Men's and Boys' Negligee Shirts and Underdrawers.--

Friday, June 19th, we place on sale a lot of Men's and Boys' Negligee Shirts, comprising the [illegible] production of a well known maker at the lowest price of the season.

Special at 39 cents each.

Made from the famous [illegible] Percales with [illegible] bosoms in a variety of new and tasteful color effects. Sizes 12 to 17 inches neck measure, correct in fit, well made and finished with self color neck band.

Men's and Boys' Underwear.

A good quality Balbriggan garment, all sizes. Special at [illegible]
A new shipment of Men's "Gold and Silver" brand shirt waists.

See our west window with Ladies' Wash Sets. Special at [illegible] cents.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Refrigerators

We are are agents for the Mascot famous refrigerator, antique ash finish, polished brass trimmings, removable ice chambers, heavy, galvanized iron shelves.

These are the best Refrigerators made for anything near their prices, which range from $8.00 up.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 18, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Eldred has organized a [illegible] club.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. French Wilson, on Wednesday, June 17, a boy.

—The new Presbyterian church at Coudersport was dedicated on Sunday last.

—Miss Jessie Schover of Olean has accepted a position as stenographer and typewriter in the law office of Gallup & Bouton.

—D. H. Lamb of Galeton, who was injured in a runaway accident recently, had his arm amputated at a Buffalo hospital last week.

—The Kane ball club defeated Jamestown Monday by a score of 4 to 1. Tall and Sasse of this place materially helped to win the game.

—The new residence of H. H. Redfield on West Main street is nearly completed and Mr. Redfield and family will soon occupy their beautiful home.

—Samuel Drain, a well-known driller of Duke Center, was quite severely injured by being struck by an O., R. C. & B. trolley car near Rock City last Thursday.

—The piano recital by Mme. Julia Rive-King, assisted by Miss Margaret McCalmont, soprano, at the Lyceum this evening will be a rare treat for lovers of music.

—The management of the Smethport Lyceum company has had considerable grading done in front of the Lyceum building and a new sidewalk has been laid. This is a much needed improvement.

—Morning worship at the Baptist church next Sunday at the usual hour, [illegible]. Subject of sermon: "One Labors for the Lost." Evening worship at 8. Subject: "The Neglect of Salvation."

—The engagement of Miss Anna Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Powell, of Smethport and Mr. James Earl George has been announced. The wedding, it is understood, will take place in the near future.

—In the account of the consecration of Emmanuel parish of Emporium the Press says that Rev. J. H. McCandless read an interesting paper on "The Office and Work of the Holy Ghost," and that Dr. H. I. McCoy assisted in the choir.

—It is reported [illegible] boy had [illegible]

—A new sidewalk has been laid [illegible] D. [illegible] Hamlin [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] improvement to the [illegible]

—The residence of [illegible] on West Main street has been undergoing some repairs recently. Among other things is a handsome [illegible] and plate glass door. The exterior of the building has been painted.

—A Buffalo printing house has purchased of S. F. Redfield his two Optimus presses and some of the other equipment of the Redfield printery. The presses are being taken down and will be removed to Buffalo.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10.30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. The subject of the lesson will be "The Fall of Jericho." A selection of anthems will be given by the choir at the evening service.

—Edward Johnson was fatally injured in a scuffle in J. M. Haugh's saloon in Olean on Tuesday morning. After the scuffle Johnson called for water and fell to the floor. An examination showed that he had cerebral hemorrhage and he died in a few hours.

—Miss Bessie Hussey gave a delightful dancing party to a few friends at her home on Green street last Friday evening. Miss Katheryn Hussey of Du-Bois was the guest of honor. The Smethport High School orchestra furnished excellent music and an elegant lunch was served.

—The Bradford races will be held July 7 to 10, inclusive, and the Olean races 14 to 17, inclusive. The purses in each place aggregate $5,200 and four days of good sport is promised in either place. Smethport people can take their choice and make their business arrangements accordingly.

—The recent accident at the Mechanic street crossing has raised the question of asking the railroads to place gates or a watchman at this point. This certainly is a dangerous place now when so many trains are passing daily. Perhaps it will take a life to bring a change but it will have to come in time.

—Miss Ruth Walker will leave to-day for Findlay, O., where she will visit friends and relatives for several weeks. Last night a number of her friends assembled at her home on Kennedy street, and tendered her a farewell reception, which was replete with entertaining features. Luncheon was served at 11 o'clock.—Bradford Era.

—The official schedule of the McKean-Potter League has been issued. The dates assigned to the Smethport team are as follows: At home: Austin, July [illegible], Sept. [illegible]; Coudersport, Aug. [illegible], Sept. [illegible] [illegible]

Allegany, Aug. 4, Oct. 2; at Olean, July 21, Sept. 8. Our latest advices are to the effect that the opening [illegible] is now scheduled for June [illegible] has been postponed to some time next week.

—Plans have been perfected for the formation in Pittsburg of one of the greatest combinations of banking interests ever undertaken in the country. By the deal the Farmers' Deposit National Bank, Colonial Trust Company, Colonial National Bank, American Trust Company, Pennsylvania Trust Company, Columbia National Bank, Tradesmen's National Bank, Germania Savings Bank and Freehold Bank will be merged. The capital of the new concern will be $[illegible] with $[illegible] surplus and undivided profits, and [illegible] deposits.

Wants to Carry it Himself.

A [illegible] county editor, who evidently has troubles of his own, is having heart to heart talks with delinquent subscribers. The following is the latest: "Good morning, have you paid your subscription this year? Perhaps you owe for the last year or several years. Now you are a stranger, we don't [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. But it is really an imposition to [illegible] people on carrying our money around when we are strong and healthy and so abundantly able to [illegible] ourselves. For this reason we ask anybody who has any of our money in his possession to [illegible] by mail, freight, express or any other way just so it gets here. Silver and gold are heavy and it won't [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] get bow legged carrying it around for us."

Cause of Death Discovered

In regard to the cause of the death of the three children who died from a peculiar ailment last week the Bradford Record says: After careful investigation into the cause of death of the [illegible] children and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Ryan, Drs. Wingo, Curnan, Hall, Elliott, Russell, Bennington, Nichols and Johnston unanimously agreed to the following conclusions: That all were cases of cholera infantum. That all were attended with a [illegible] tion of streptococci in the intestinal canal. That the streptococci in the [illegible] family may have been due to ptomaine poisoning and in the Ryan case to scarlet fever from which the child had apparently recovered some time previously.

A Valuable Publication.

On June [illegible] the Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will publish the [illegible] Excursion Route Book [illegible] is designed to provide [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of Eastern America [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] paper.

[illegible] Pennsylvania Railroad.

On and after June [illegible] this very interesting book may be procured at any Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office at the nominal price of ten cents, or, upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa., by mail, for twenty cents.

Carriages for Sale

One Canopy-top Surrey.
Top Buggies, Road Wagons.
Rubber-tire Runabout.
Slat bottom and solid bottom Road Wagons.
Arnold Pat. Steel Wheel Farm Wagon.
If you want anything on wheels see Palmer before you purchase.

A. T. PALMER.
Smethport, Pa., June 17, 1903.-3t.

McCormick Harvesting Machinery.

Mowers, Reapers, Binders, Rakes, LeRoy Plows. Every machine guaranteed by the company. If you want the best, buy McCormick goods. For sale by

A. T. PALMER.
Smethport, Pa., June 17, 1903.-3t.

Going Fishing?

A fine line of fishing tackle, coats, leggings and sporting goods of all kinds at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

For Sale.

A team of heavy work horses, harness and single carriage, robes, etc. For further information inquire at this office.

McCormick Machines are the best in the world; terms and prices right. For sale by A. T. Palmer, Smethport, Pa.
June 17, 1903.-3t

A house broom given away with every $5 cash purchase. Yellow trading stamps besides.
J. C. HAMLIN.

Wanted.

A competent girl for general housework. Apply to H. H. Redfield.

Redfield has a 3-ply, guaranteed garden hose for 10c. a foot.

The best lawn sprinkler on the market. Only $1.75. J. C. HAMLIN.

House for rent. Inquire of Mrs. A. M. Fuller.

Spring and Summer Goods

ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL IN MILLINERY.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's.
REILLY BLOCK. SMETHPORT.

PERSONAL MENTION

Hon. L. Rogers of Kane had business in town Monday.

Charles Brown of Hazelhurst had business in town Tuesday.

Miss Alice Cubbison of New Castle is the guest of Miss Mabel Camp.

Miss Alice C. Crawford of New York City is visiting Mrs. Z. F. Weisz.

Mrs. Chas. O'Reilly of Shamokin is visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. O'Reilly.

H. H. [illegible] of Eldred was an agreeable caller at this office last Friday.

Miss Fannie Cavanaugh of Straights visited friends in town last Saturday.

Charles E. McCoy returned home from St. Stephen's College on Saturday last.

Mrs. [illegible] Kinnane of [illegible] was the guest of Mrs. D. M. [illegible] the week.

Dr. E. R. [illegible], [illegible] and W. H. Morrison are fishing in Potter county this week.

[illegible] of Nugent was in town Saturday on his way home from Jamestown.

Eaton [illegible] and [illegible] of Port Allegany were visitors in town on Sunday last.

Miss Lucile M. [illegible] left Saturday for Lock Haven where she will take a course in physical culture.

Mrs. [illegible] Hamlin returned last evening from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. E. H. Rose, in Binghamton, N. Y.

R. C. [illegible], Carl [illegible], Tom Cole and Leo Koenig are camping on the headwaters of [illegible] this week.

Commissioners' Clerk S. D. Weaver left yesterday for Kane where he [illegible] a camping party for a week's vacation [illegible]

Col. and Mrs. [illegible] M. Gillette of Newark, Ohio, arrived last night for a week's visit with relatives in town. On June [illegible] they will sail for Europe for an extended tour.

[illegible] C. Boyd, deputy county treasurer, went to Rock City Tuesday to attend the Bradford High School alumni banquet. Mr. Boyd acted as toastmaster and the Era says he presided in a very efficient and pleasing manner.

A Correction.

It was reported last week that I had sold my plumbing business and had accepted a permanent position as fireman on the P. S. & N. R. R. Such is not the case. I merely took the place of a man who was obliged to lay off, and am still manager and owner of the [illegible] [illegible] Plumbing Co. [illegible] patronage of [illegible] [illegible] customers is solicited.

W. S. [illegible]

For Sale.

[illegible]

For Sale

[illegible] Mrs. F. A. [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] W. A. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] J. C. Hamlin's.

AUDITORS' REPORT

Keating Township School District for the Year Ending June 1, 1903.

[illegible] Keating Township [illegible]

Dr.

[illegible]	$ [illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	48 00	
To amt. received from Lafayette Twp. [illegible]	1 7 62	
To amt. received from [illegible] Township Treasurer	100 71	
To amt. [illegible] from Bradford Twp. [illegible]	18 18	
To amt. rec'd from [illegible] & [illegible]	27 62	
To amt. rec'd from [illegible] or [illegible]	3800 00	
To amt. received from Ex-Treasurer Havens	12 95	$[illegible] 86

Cr.

By amt. paid Teachers	6417 00	
By amt. paid Teachers attending Institute	312 00	
By amt. paid Rent and Repairs	877 91	
By amt. paid School Text Books	308 4[illegible]	
By amt. paid School Supplies other than text books	1042 97	
By amt. paid Building and furnishing	394 56	
By amt. paid Debts and Interest	2229 30	
By amt. paid account Small Pox	527 49	
By amt. paid Secretary's salary	27 16	
By amt. paid Fuel and Contingencies	[illegible]	
By amt. paid other expenses	13 61	
By commission on $[illegible] at 2 per cent.	[illegible] 27	
Amt. due School Fund to balance	307 28	[illegible] 86

F. A. Burdick, Collector of School Funds, in account with Keating Township School District for year ending June 1, 1903.

Dr.

[illegible]

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

[illegible]

MONARCH SHIRTS — BANNER PATTERNS

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS — CARPETS — MEN'S FURNISHINGS

We give Yellow Trading Stamps. They're Valuable.

We mention below some extra [illegible] good offerings in summer merchandise. [illegible] are not odds and ends or job lots. [illegible] our way of giving the most possible for the money in smart new goods.

FANCY PARASOLS.

The styles [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] $ [illegible]

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

"A Fifty-cent Sale"—We [illegible] window display this week of [illegible] offerings. The values [illegible] [illegible] first [illegible] [illegible]. These [illegible] Negligee Shirts, Belts, [illegible], Suspenders, [illegible], Golf Stockings and Neckwear, Etc.

FRY & HERZOG.

BUG-DEATH
TRADE MARK

Pat. March [illegible] and Nov. [illegible] 1899.
Pat. in Canada Nov. [illegible] 1899, and Jan. 25, 1900.

BUG-DEATH KILLS!

The Greatest Known Destroyer.

Kills the bugs on potato, squash and cucumber vines.

Kills currant, gooseberry and tomato worms and all bugs that eats the leaves, plants, trees or vines.

Prevents blight and produces better quality. Is a fine powder and can be used dry or mixed with water and can be sprayed on the vine.

Absolutely without danger in using.

Bug-Death is never sold in bulk but is put up in neat packages. There are many imitations claiming to be as good, but don't be deceived. There is but one Bug Death and that is sold by

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
Lumber and Hardware
Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies and Fishing Tackle
[illegible]
Smethport, Pa. — McKean County.

Wedding Presents & Graduating Presents.

I am well stocked for both.

It is not necessary to go to [illegible] [illegible] and such a stock near home. [illegible] You can save good money.

HAWKES CUT GLASS

has no equal. Prices run from a $[illegible] [illegible] to a $[illegible] Punch Bowl. The Colonial [illegible] is quite the swell thing now, perfectly plain but beautiful.

HALL CLOCKS, CHIME CLOCKS, ELECTRIC CLOCKS,
STERLING SILVER, HAND PAINTED CHINA,
BRONZE FIGURES, BRASS ETCHINGS,
TIFFANY GLASS, FINE CLOCK SETS,
ELECTRIC BRONZES, SILVER DEPOSIT WARE.

For Graduation Presents I have thousands of things. Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Gold novelties, Fans, Belts, Brooches. See the stock. It is up to date.

Strictly One Price.
Goods delivered out of town.

Prill, 7 Main St., Opposite Public Square,
Bradford, Pa.

Report of the Condition

OF THE HAMLIN BANK AND TRUST COMPANY OF SMETHPORT, NO. [illegible] MAIN STREET, OF McKEAN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS MAY 29, 1903.

RESOURCES.

[illegible]

LIABILITIES.

[illegible]

State of Pennsylvania, County of McKean, ss.

[illegible]

An Ordinance

Grant permission to The [illegible] Telephone Company [illegible]

Be it ordained [illegible] by the Town Council of the borough of Smethport, McKean county, Pennsylvania [illegible]

Sec. 2. [illegible]

Sec. 3. [illegible]

Sec. 4. [illegible]

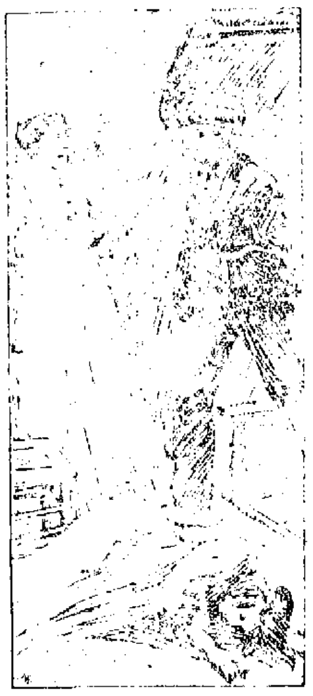
ON THE SIXTH NIGHT...

[illegible]

[illegible] widow.

[illegible] he did not close his eyes. He had never been sick a day in his life and had a contempt for people who were ailing, but as he went to bed on this night he agreed with himself that if sleep did not come his case should be submitted to a doctor on the morrow. He went to bed at 9 o'clock, but at 11 he was still awake.

Thousands of sleepless persons have counted themselves to sleep or taken imaginary journeys to lose themselves in oblivion before the end was reached. [illegible] was a villa occupied by two old maid sisters. They were fairly well off, but from motives of economy had not kept a servant. Their name was Swift, and Sharpless had been called to the house several times to make repairs. On his last visit, which was to mend a [illegible]



HE STRUCK TO KILL, AND HE DID KILL.

[illegible] nation he started from the house with his coat collar turned up and his hat pulled down over his face and armed with a short crowbar for forcing doors. In the walk of a mile he met no pedestrians, but he encountered two policemen, and each one of them gave him a sharp looking over. In fact, one of them seemed inclined to accost him and ask the reason of his presence there at such an hour. The bells were striking midnight as he reached the villa. He entered the grounds by climbing the wall at the back, and he was careful to avoid the gravel paths and the flower beds. He found the back door and windows safely locked, but after carefully working away for ten minutes he had a window up and crawled through into the kitchen. He knew the lay of the house, and he got down on hands and knees and crawled across the floor, down a hall and into the sitting room. In this room stood an old fashioned mahogany bureau, and he argued that the money would be kept there if still in the house. When he had presented his bill for repairs, one of the sisters had taken the money to pay it from the bottom drawer, which had an intricate lock and was almost as safe as an iron chest.

Upon reaching the bureau Sharpless lighted a candle he had brought along and began work. He found it a baffling job. There was no picking the lock and no crevice in which to insert his jimmy. He was seeking for an advantage when he heard a movement upstairs, and a moment later both sisters came down carrying a light. They had been awakened by the noise he made. As he heard them descending the stairs Sharpless turned to flee, but fell over a chair, and the women rushed in on him with screams of "Thief!" and "Police!" They did more than scream—they laid hold of him, and for a moment they had strength sufficient to keep him down, and to render him still more desperate they recognized him and called him by name.

As he struggled to his feet he realized that there was but one thing to do to save himself from capture and prison, and he attacked them with the iron bar. He struck to kill, and he did kill.

[illegible] It was only after [illegible] he picked up an evening paper and received such a shock that for a moment he was turned to stone. The Swift sisters had been found murdered. On the previous night some one had entered the villa by prying up a back window and while trying to open the old bureau had alarmed the house. The two women had come down to meet their death at the hands of the desperate villain. Every detail of his plan came back to Sharpless as he sat there, and every detail of the tragedy as gathered by the detectives tallied with his. [illegible] whether he lived or died. He believed himself the murderer. He believed [illegible] his sleep and followed out the plan of his waking moments, and his remorse was intense. When he could leave his bed he determined to go to the police and give himself up. Without a word to any one of his intentions he set off for the nearest station and entered it and began to relate his story. He was listened to for a couple of minutes, and then the [illegible] waved him away and said:

"Man, [illegible] you are off in your head [illegible] the Swift sisters [illegible]"

[illegible]

[illegible] and the couch drops disappeared.

But toward the end of our visit, having needed the services of a little [illegible] she insisted we [illegible] Stepping to the door she called:

"Mariana!"

Soon three girls in snow pinafores came bashfully but curiously through the door, and all were given orders by the bustling mother.

"But," said one of the callers in a [illegible] way, "are all three named Mariana, mammy?"

"Yes," the old woman explained, "all three. You see, when the lil' girls came 'long I got 'round 'gain de folks jes' call 'em all Mariana. Ain't no good changin'. An' anyhow when I wants a pickaninny I jes' calls 'Mariana,' an' one's sho' to come."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Sure Remedy.

Do unto others as they do unto you might well be the heading of this true tale. Two men and a dog are the characters therein. Man No. 1, being unable to sleep for three entire nights owing to the constant barking of the dog aforesaid, got up and arrayed himself at 4 o'clock in the morning and hied him to his neighbor's front door. There he kept his thumb on the electric bell until the disgusted servant appeared.

"I wish to see Mr. W."

"Why, sure he's in bed at this hour, sir."

"I'm sorry, but I must see him now."

"He ain't goin' ter get up at this time ter see nobody."

"Well, I intend to stay here and ring this bell until he does see me, and you can go and tell him that."

After an ominous interval Mr. W. descended, almost speechless with wrath.

"What do you mean by disturbing me in this manner? It's the most outrageous—"

"Yes, that's what I think, and I simply called to warn you that as long as your dog keeps me awake every night I shall come and ring this bell, for if I can't sleep you certainly shall not. Good morning."—New York Times.

A Secondhand [illegible] Book Tells Why It Was [illegible]

[illegible] stand so as to [illegible] that every one could reach them with his spoon and that if the soup was served in a dish [illegible] every one should help himself with his own spoon without seeming to be in a hurry. A work on manners that appeared just before the French revolution deemed it best to advise its readers that it was impolite to pass the spoon back and forth between the mouth and the tureen.

A Plea For Descriptive Titles.

[illegible] a book that [illegible] a register of real interest. Two methods seem to have been followed, that of using the name of a leading character, as "Jane Eyre" and "Rob Roy," the other that of giving some hint of the purport of the book, as in "Vanity Fair" and "The Cloister and the Hearth." The first method has no justification. What we plead for is that a title shall contain the soul or the keynote of the book. Then the author and reader start on fair terms. Jane Austen, a [illegible] artist, understood this [illegible] "Pride and Prejudice" [illegible]

Weighing a Field of Turnips.

[illegible]

A Famous Emerald.

[illegible] of the Temple of [illegible]

America's Largest Snake.

[illegible] with dark round spots scattered over its whole body [illegible] It is very fond of water and haunts the banks of rivers, lakes and streams, there lying in wait for any deer or peccary which may come to the margin of the water to drink.

Flowers and Scents.

Some flowers appear to change their scents at different times. The common [illegible] flowers when first opened have a delicate fresh perfume which, after a time, becomes grosser and attracts bluebottle flies. Flowers of the orchid Odontoglossum hebraicum have a cinnamon fragrance and a hawthorn scent at different periods of their bloom.

Two Evils.

"I can't imagine a worse guy than the man who's forever indulging in small talk."

"Oh, I don't know! He's no worse than the fellow who is forever talking big."—Philadelphia Press.

For a Switch Off.

"I wish you'd send me to one of those electricians' schools, pop."

"Why, what do you mean, my son?"

"She's altogether too careless with the switch, pop."—Yonkers Statesman.

Fully Explained.

"Yes, she has a case of 'nerves.'"

"What's that?"

"Well, to be frank, it's the name we use when a wealthy patient is just plain cranky."—Chicago Post.

People who [illegible] in cloudy weather usually wear veils when the sun shines.

Decline of the Essay.

Why do we no longer find in these magazines the long essays that were the backbone of the old style periodicals? Is it because there are now no men who live to and are able to take their pens in hand and ramble on and on [illegible] surcharged with views on all sorts of [illegible] subjects and consider it [illegible] to impart those views at length to the readers of magazines? Certainly not. Almost every man who writes at all would like to write essays [illegible] But the wise editors won't buy them any more, because the people won't read them and won't even take magazines that get the reputation of harboring them. If an editor craves a small circulation nowadays let him [illegible]

About Magnets.

[illegible]

False Hair In Elizabeth's Time.

Queen Elizabeth had eighty wigs [illegible] queen of Scots [illegible] wigs of the latest shade of hair and newest styles of coiffure [illegible] day presenting his sweetheart the last idea in back hair!

Bamboo Opals.

Bamboo opals are peculiar gems which are sometimes found in the stem of the bamboo. This gem is very rare from the fact that not one in a thousand bamboo stems contains it. These vegetable growths are called tobacur by the Filipinos. Some of them are so similar, that is, they exhibit so perfectly the characteristics of the opal, that even experts frequently fail to distinguish them from the real gem.

Why He Applauded.

"Are you fond of music?" asked a stranger of the young man at the concert who was applauding vigorously after a pretty girl had sung a song in a very painful way.

"Not particularly," replied the young man frankly, "but I am extremely fond of the musician."

A Deadly Spirit.

Featherstone—Do you believe in ghosts?

Travers—Well, for years I have been living in a haunted house.

Featherstone—You don't tell me! Who is it haunted by?

Travers—By my tailor.

The Dictionary Habit.

Friend—What queer language your husband uses! He pronounces every word half a dozen different ways.

Wife—Yes; he has half a dozen different dictionaries.

We are inclined to believe in those whom we do not know because they have never deceived us.—Johnson.

Burgess—[illegible]

Council—[illegible]

Justices—[illegible]

Constable—[illegible]

Lodge Directory.

[illegible]

Churches.

[illegible]

Congregational—Rev. W. F. Tibbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church—Rev. W. F. Tibbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELERS GUIDE

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday [illegible] a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, [illegible] p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport [illegible] p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days [illegible] a. m.
Train 124, week days [illegible] p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days [illegible] a. m.
Train 123, week days [illegible] p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

[illegible] a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

[illegible] p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

[illegible]

Connects at [illegible] with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. [illegible] with W. N. Y. & P. [illegible] at [illegible] Junction with P. & S. R. R.

[illegible]

THE MINER and
TRIBUNE FARMER
one year for
$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."
$5 [illegible] of Itching, Outward or Internal Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, [illegible] Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. [illegible]
DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO, Bradford, Pa.
For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribnne
one year for
$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies

Model Restaurant
Warm Meals and Quick Lunches at all hours.
We serve to please the people with the best the market affords.
Cigars, Tobacco,
Candies & Ice Cream.
Oysters in season.
Give us a call.
N. M. Harrington.

Buy a
Sick and Accident Policy in the Standard Co.
FOR SALE BY
C. A. BUDICK.
Also Dealer in MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign
PATENTS
Send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. For free book, How to Secure Patents and TRADE-MARKS write to
C.A.SNOW & Co.
Opposite U. S. Patent Office
WASHINGTON D. C.

EGLANTINE

By Maud Moyne

[illegible]

Emily Landis drifted into the gay ballroom like some small brown leaf blown into a bed of flaming poppies. She stood bewildered by the swirling draperies of [illegible] bright girls and grew [illegible]

[illegible]

Ten long years since she [illegible] closed [illegible] steps [illegible] a worn, sad eyed woman desolately out of her element, anxious only to get back to the quiet of her own room.

As she turned to slip away, the sound of her own name brought her to an involuntary stop.

"That Miss Landis, whose brother was so [illegible] married a month ago. Yes; how perfect wreck of her old self. I used to know her here in Green Lake years ago."

That was all. Then she escaped unnoticed through the nearest doorway. "Wreck of her old self!" Truly that described it, she thought.

She remembered, with a dull ache, how it had been in those years ago when she was sweet and twenty, when Warren Heathcote had called her "Eglantine" and talked delicious nonsense about the pink in her cheek that rivaled the tint of the sweetbrier she had so loved to wear in her hair. Ah, the sweetbrier pink had gone from her cheek along with its soft contour.

For Jack's sake [illegible] Helen's [illegible]

SHE SAW HIM THE NEXT DAY FROM A SAFE RETREAT.

Helen she [illegible] will forget for the fair new mother. And not Helen, my dear girl, my precious baby, who has grown dearer and dearer to me with each succeeding year. To be parted from her now!"

And then a choke in her throat sent Miss Landis in blind haste to her trunk, where she hunted with a sort of fury for a wrap. "I must get out—out under the blue and the stars. What a mountain of selfishness I am! With Helen well and Jack's broken life complete I ought to be happy." But down in her heart under all her brave words remained the bitter thought that her beloved brother, for whose sake she had given up her youth and her love, had left her utterly out of his plans for the re-establishment of his home.

Forlornly she wandered down one of the darkling paths to the lake that lay like molten silver in the moonlight, and there the voice from the ballroom sounded again in her ears. "And Jack is married again, you say?" another voice questioned.

Emily Landis felt her heart leap within her. Was it, could it be Warren Heathcote whom she heard—Warren, who had vanished from her life as completely as though India had been the world beyond—Warren, of whom she had thought during long night watches beside the bed of Baby Helen—Warren, the big, the brave, who had been her one ideal from those gay days of her girlhood to the somber gray now?

Had Warren forgotten, she wondered. Her quick step faltered at the thought. And even if he remembered that rose maiden whom he loved could he care now for the woman bereft of those youthful charms?

"It's no use. A nervous wreck of her former self, with a mind as dull as her sallow face, what chance has she?"

And she slept against a tear wet pillow that night.

She saw him next day from a safe retreat behind a tangle of vines, and she wondered how ten years could have changed a man so little. He was playing tennis with a white gowned girl whose laugh rang gayly and whose step was light. His own was buoyant. [illegible] the pretty [illegible] that [illegible] heart [illegible] it was to be young and [illegible] gay, [illegible] white [illegible] such as [illegible] Miss Landis [illegible] laughing players in her direction. Then she beat a retreat, all breathless.

It was hours later as she sat on a shelving rock watching the cool sparkles on the lake that she heard his voice behind her. "I have looked for you everywhere," he said as quietly as though he had left her yesterday.

She looked up and found no word to say to him, only she felt with amazement the unaccustomed color rushing to her cheek.

[illegible] tender eyes that [illegible] "They told me Jack is married," he went on. [illegible]

"[illegible] without me? Oh, yes, seriously! It was all my [illegible] made me think myself indispensable to Jack."

"But the little one, Jack's baby, she needed you?"

"She really did. There was no one else."

Miss Landis spoke with eagerness, as though she would extenuate a crime. "[illegible] comfort to me to think that it was not a useless sacrifice. She was so frail a mite! It was a constant struggle month in, month out, for her life. I lived one idea for ten years, Warren—the idea of saving Helen and making her strong like other, happier children." How natural it seemed to pour out her heart without reserve to this sympathetic comrade of the old days!

"And you succeeded?" he asked, intent and grave.

"She is very well and very happy—or will be when she forgets to be homesick for me. Jack's wife is young and fascinatingly pretty. Helen will grow to adore her as Jack does." There was a break in her voice, and she knew that Warren knew the stab of jealousy that cut through her like a poisoned pen.

But he only said, and there was blissful [illegible] in his tone of quiet conviction: "No one who has loved you could ever forget you for the most fascinatingly pretty girl that ever lived. But now that she has relieved you of those responsibilities, isn't there room for another idea, dear? Are you ready to go into another bondage, to give strength and happiness to a great fellow as dependent upon you in a sense as Baby Helen was?"

She looked at him, incredulous that he could ask it. He was so debonair, so young, so handsome! And she! "I'm an old woman, Warren, and not even a [illegible]"

He wanted desperately to kiss the [illegible]

[illegible] He turned [illegible] cheek. [illegible] just Eglantine. Do you [illegible] sweetheart?"

And as he drew her close and tucked the pink eglantine into her hair Miss Landis knew that at thirty one can be supremely happy and absurdly young.

Gray Hairs.

Logically and naturally gray hairs may be expected to appear on the temples at thirty-five to forty years old. Brown-Sequard made the statement that the first of these gray hairs turn white in a night. His observation was based upon the white threads that appeared in his own beard. Looking in the mirror one morning he discovered a single white hair that was not there the night before. He not only pulled it out, but before going to bed again he made a careful search for other white hairs. Satisfied that none was left, he went to sleep again, only to find that while he slept two other hairs had turned white in the same area where he had marked the first.

In this way Dr. Brown-Sequard became to an extent sponsor for the story of the man whose hair turns white in a night, caused from fright. This is the story which dermatologists in all time have shied at, but which at the same time has been on a much stronger footing than anything in the line of ghosts, sea serpents or mermaids.

Had Learned to Obey.

It is told of General Havelock that one day, when a boy, his father, having some business to do, left him on London bridge and bade him wait there till he came back.

The father was detained, and forgot his son, not returning to the bridge all the day. In the evening he reached home, and after he had rested awhile his wife inquired:

"Where is Harry?"

The father thought a moment.

"Dear me!" said he. "I quite forgot Harry. He is on London bridge and has been there for eight hours waiting for me."

He hastened to relieve the boy and found him just where he had left him in the morning, pacing to and fro like a sentinel on his beat.

The strict fidelity to duty which the boy gloriously displayed on this occasion showed itself in after years and was the means of winning many a famous victory in battle.

WILD ANIMALS.

The Dealers Get Most of Their Lions From Nubia.

[illegible] Nubia. There the natives search for a lioness with newborn cubs, [illegible] When they are two months old they are taken to the coast on the backs of camels and shipped to Europe. Lions are also obtained from Abyssinia and Senegal. Formerly the Atlas mountains furnished the finest lions, but the species now no longer exists except a few specimens in menageries. Adult Nubian lions are worth $1,000 apiece, while Senegal ones range in price from $500 to $700.

Tigers vary in price from $775 to $1,[illegible]

[illegible] The hippopotamus, the rhinoceros and the giraffe are difficult to secure. It is practically impossible to capture a full grown beast of these species, and [illegible] pints of milk a day and a baby rhinoceros [illegible] giraffes sell at [illegible] or more, according to size, age and condition.

Jamaica Crocodiles.

There are [illegible] crocodiles in [illegible] Kingston [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] News.

The Dinner Hour.

The [illegible] Henry VIII [illegible]

[illegible] Louis XII [illegible]

The Ladder Dwarf.

[illegible] "Ladder Dwarf," said a former prospector. "I never saw the creature myself, but he is described as humpbacked, with a short body, large head and enormously long and powerful arms. In fact, he resembles an exaggerated gorilla. His favorite trick is climbing the ladders by means of which the miners leave the ladders, raising himself with his long arms, and as he passes the rungs kicking them out one by one. He is supposed to always do this just before an accident of some kind in the mine."

The Rattle as a Decoy.

That the rattlesnake uses his tail to decoy birds has been observed a number of times by a correspondent of the Scientific American, who says: "The snake hides himself in the tall grass and imitates the buzzing of a bee. The insectivorous birds, such as the phoebe and kingbird, are attracted by the sound and become an easy prey for his snakeship. I have seen rattlesnakes concealed in the dense foliage of trees twenty feet from the ground practicing the same deception on the birds and getting the bird every time."

The Penalty.

Mr. Workhardd—My dear, I have lost my situation, and it just happens that I haven't a dollar ahead. We must go to the poorhouse for dinner.

Mrs. W.—Surely some of the grocers with whom we have dealt for so many years will trust us.

Mr. W. (sadly)—No; I have no credit anywhere. We always paid cash.—New York Weekly.

Quite a Linguist.

Mr. S. had just welcomed his nephew home from school. "Now, then, Tommy," he said, "let us see what you have been learning all this time. What is the meaning of felo de se?" Instantly replied the lad, a little contemptuously: "Oh, that's only French for a sailor. Ask me something in Latin."

The pride that many unblemished persons affect in their ancestry is so melancholy that they might as well be dead themselves.—Schoolmaster.

VIOLIT

By FREDERICK WHITE

[illegible]

She did not understand the significance of her name, this child of the streets and tenements, and it is doubtful if her parents did.

"Violit," as the other children called her, was not either sweet or beautiful, nor was she expressive. Children were cheap in that [illegible] keep was the dearest thing [illegible] Violit's parents [illegible] food [illegible] the pressing [illegible] She was only one of five.

Violet was eight years old and possessed of a surprising vocabulary for one of her age. She could swear fluently in English and even in Yiddish when occasion demanded, although it is doubtful if she appreciated the meaning of the words she used, except as a means of retort under certain conditions. Those conditions arose frequent! In the course of her day, for she played and fought with many children and one must have an effective [illegible] If Rosa Lichtenstein rushed up the narrow stairs to her mother's room crying as if her heart would break, it is safe to assume that Violet had called her some dreadful [illegible] Rosa understood better than Violet did. Violet had the faculty of applying epithets to certain people and always to the [illegible]

"WOULD YOU NOT LIKE TO HAVE SOME OF YOUR NAMESAKES?"

Had she attended school she might possibly have learned some little consideration for the feelings of others, but her only classroom was the street and her one study to look out for herself. By some hook or crook the truant officer had passed her by, and she rejoiced in her freedom and felt a certain contempt for the restraints imposed upon other children.

One morning she sat upon the curbstone eating a raw carrot which she had surreptitiously removed from a huckster's cart. It was very good, that carrot, and she had the added satisfaction of knowing that in securing it she had outwitted a grown up.

The sun was warm, the street full of life and movement. No one bothered her. Children eating and playing in the gutter were too common a sight to attract attention.

Violet's sharp eyes caught a glimpse of something unusual coming down the street. It was a shiny open wagon, with a beautifully dressed man driving a shiny pair of horses. In the wagon were two ladies, also beautifully dressed. The carriage drew up before a house a few doors from where she sat gazing with wide open eyes at this vision of glory from that unknown land "uptown."

Violet had no false modesty. She stared curiously at the carriage and its occupants. One of the ladies stepped down and, crossing the sidewalk, disappeared in the door of a tenement. The other, a younger woman, settled back in the cushions and looked curiously about her.

Violet, having finished her carrot, scrambled to her feet and proceeded to examine the vision in the carriage. The vision was beautifully dressed and wore a hat with feathers on it. She had a bunch of blue flowers in the front of her dress.

Violet drew nearer. She concentrated her attention on the gentleman holding the reins, much to his embarrassment.

"Come here, child, and tell me your name." Violet looked up. It was the vision who was speaking, and the remark was evidently intended for her. Violet hesitated. She felt scared for some unknown reason.

"Will you not tell me your name?" said the soft, beautiful voice again, while the vision's eyes rested, half curiously, half pityingly, on the dirty little figure below her.

"Violit."

"Violet! That is a very pretty name. Would you not like to have some of your little namesakes?" and the vision drew some of the blue flowers from her breast and held them out invitingly.

Violet hung her head. She was afraid [illegible]

"Won't you smell them?" said the vision, smiling.

Violet drew back. She knew that trick and would not be fooled. It was easy to conceal a pin in a flower and to smell meant a scratched nose. She was on her guard now and consequently more at ease. "Naw," she said. "I don't want 'em."

"Oh, but I think you do. They are violets, and you must love them because you are named for them, you know." She placed the cluster on the step of the landau.

Violet drew nearer. She was becoming interested. She understood vaguely that the flowers were called by her name. With a dart and a clutch she had them and then sprang quickly back out of reach. The vision looked surprised and a little amused. The gentleman holding the reins looked disgusted.

Violet, having discovered that there was no hidden sting in the fragrant blossoms, held them to her face and sniffed. As the perfume stole over her something seemed to come up in her throat. She felt queer. She would have cried, but nothing was hurting her, so she refrained.

The vision noticed some subtle change in the child's face and wondered. She realized that this forlorn little being was undergoing an experience of some kind. "I am very glad you like them, my dear," she said kindly. "I always think they are the most beautiful flower of all, and you should be very glad that you have the same name. They are so sweet, so beautiful, so good, that you must try to be sweet and beautiful and good too. Then every one will love you and love to have you near them."

Violet's eyes were fixed upon the vision in wide open wonder. No one had ever talked to her like this before. No flowers had ever smelled like these before, and they were hers, or she was theirs. This much she understood, and if she was good she would be sweet and beautiful [illegible] course the vision knew [illegible] entirely new idea to be sweet and beautiful like these [illegible] stared at the flowers in her hand, then at the lady in the carriage and back to her face.

In a sheltered nook [illegible] in front of the corner grocery Violet hugged the idea and the flowers to her heart. Visions of what [illegible] to her. She saw green fields and trees, beautiful horses and broad roads. She saw herself good, sweet and beautiful riding in a shiny carriage with shiny horses and a shiny gentleman in front dispensing violets to Rosa Lichtenstein, Mamie Sullivan, Annie Meyers and even Tommy Smith. She reveled in the scent of the flowers in her hands. She kissed them, fondled them and called them by endearing names.

That was a memorable afternoon on one downtown block. Peace and happiness were distributed lavishly by Violet to all with whom she came in contact. Not a [illegible] marred the serenity of the [illegible] She displayed her treasures and told the story to Rosa. [illegible] a saving means of grace for her. Rosa was deeply impressed by the idea and the [illegible] reformation. Virtue was [illegible] wickedness had [illegible] head in despair.

The next morning Rosa came down the steps, her face newly washed, her black hair in two tight little braids.

"Yah, yah, Sheeny Rosa!" sang a well known voice.

Rosa, hurt and startled, looked down at a red tongue stuck provokingly in her direction. She was dazed. Affairs were moving too rapidly for her comprehension.

"Ain't you 'shamed, Violit Murphy," she said at last. "An' you tol' me how the flowers would make you good yet."

"Aw, rats!" said Violet. "They curled up an' got black an' rotten, an' I chucked 'em away!"

And wickedness smiled and returned to its customary haunts, while virtue departed sadly—uptown, perhaps.

Invidious Distinction.

The candidate for ordination had been worried for the best part of the day by the learned doctors who were examining his theology and his Biblical knowledge.

"Will the young brother give us the names of the minor prophets?" solemnly asked one of the dignitaries.

Just the suggestion of a smile played over the faces of a few, for they all knew that not one of them could do what the worried candidate had been asked to do.

But the worried candidate was not altogether a fool, and he concluded to imitate the example of the traditional worm and turn.

"Would it become one so young as I," quoth he, "to be making invidious distinctions and odious comparisons in speaking of the Lord's prophets?"

Decorum was thrown to the winds, the council took a good laugh, and the "young brother" passed without a dissenting voice or vote.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lost a Breakfast.

A good story is told of Paul Du Chaillu, the explorer. When in London early in his career he received an invitation to breakfast signed "S. Oxon." On going to the address given he found it was a boot shop in Pall Mall and came away, deeming it, as he said, an impertinence that a bootmaker whom he did not know should invite him to breakfast. He afterward learned that the invitation was from the famous Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford, whose London lodgings were over the boot shop. The prelate met him later and was greatly amused when the explorer told him of his mistake.

THE TOBACCO PLANT.

Its Origin, According to a Quaint Legend of the East.

The prophet [illegible] a stroll in the country, when he saw a serpent stiff with cold lying on the ground. He compassionately took it up and warmed it in his bosom. When the serpent had recovered it said:

"Divine prophet, listen. I am now going to bite thee."

"Why, pray?" inquired Mohammed.

"Because thy race has a perpetual war on mine," said the serpent.

"But thy race too makes perpetual war against mine," was the prophet's rejoinder. "How canst thou, besides, be so ungrateful and so soon forget that I saved thy life?"

"There is no such thing as gratitude [illegible]"

"If thou hast sworn [illegible] I will not cause thee to break thy vow," said the prophet, holding his hand to the serpent's mouth. The serpent bit him, but he sucked the wound with his lips and spat the venom on the ground. And on that very spot there sprang up a plant which contains within itself the venom of the serpent and the compassion of the prophet. Men call this plant by the name of tobacco.—Tobacco Trade [illegible]

Wind and Temperature.

The wind does not affect the thermometer, as any one may find out for himself by a simple test. Take two dry bulb thermometers of exactly the same kind and hang one of them where it will be exposed to the wind and the other where it will be sheltered, say, on two sides of the corner of the house, and after allowing them to hang there for a few minutes you will find that they register the same. And yet the person who stands near the thermometer that hangs in the wind will feel the cold more sensibly than the person who stands near the sheltered one.

The wind is simply air in motion, and [illegible] same air in a state of rest. We feel cooler in the wind simply because the blowing air [illegible] heat away from the body [illegible] rapid evaporation from the skin. There is no evaporation from the dry bulb of a thermometer, and therefore the wind does not affect it.

Thomas Carlyle and His Wife.

As a married couple they were indeed to be pitied if the world had known it. They were childless and therefore [illegible] the world was dark to them. No man can be a "sage" who has no children. A barren woman is [illegible]

[illegible]

Wagner as an Acrobat.

[illegible]

Suddenly Wagner, who was sixty years old, rose and stood on his head upon the ottoman.

At that moment Wagner's wife entered. Her surprise and [illegible] caused her to run to her husband, exclaiming, "Ah, Richard, Richard!" Quickly recovering himself, he assured her that he was sane and wished to show that he could stand on his head at sixty, which was more than Ferdinand could do.

Frogs and Snakes.

The common snake is very fond of water. Its food consists exclusively of frogs and fishes. All snakes eat either living food, including eggs, or creatures they have themselves killed. When pursued by a snake the frog seems to be half paralyzed with fear, leaping less and less powerfully as the snake approaches it more nearly and uttering feeble cries. If a stick be so pushed through the grass toward a frog as to imitate the movement of a snake the frog will exhibit the symptoms of terror just noted.

Contradicted.

"I never waste words on a fool," said the pompous person.

"That doesn't correspond with your wife's statement," replied a member of the skeptical faction.

"What did my wife say?" queried the P. P.

"That you were in the habit of talking to yourself," answered the other.

True Gratitude.

At Wichita a woman passing along the street with an armful of packages dropped her purse, containing $750. A gentleman found the purse and returned it to her. "Oh, how grateful I am!" she exclaimed. And then she impulsively opened one of her packages and said, "Won't you have a cookie?"—Kansas City Journal.

Plenty of Practice.

"Yes, father, when I finish my education I am going to follow my literary bent and write for money."

"Humph, John, you ought to be successful. That's all you did the four years you spent in college."

His Indiscretion.

Clara—What came between you?

Chloe—Oh, he showed so much impatience with Fido.—Detroit Free Press.

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BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

FROM A CAR WINDOW

By Mary Wood

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The elevated train always slowed up before it came to the curve. On this particular afternoon, it came to a dead stop.

Philip Bryce gazed listlessly from the window. He was tired after a hard day at the office, and the prospect of a lonely restaurant dinner and a lonelier evening in his apartments was not inviting. He gave an impatient sigh as his glance traveled up the front of the brownstone building. "Just like my house," he commented. "Probably just as full of people, each one knowing little and caring less about the rest. Lord, but a big city's a selfish sort of place!"

Just then his glance reached a window on the level of his own and rested there. His face brightened, for the somber curtains framed a girl, an undoubtedly pretty girl. And yet there was something so pathetic in the picture that Bryce's heart gave a throb. The [illegible] forward, her delicate face supported by her clasped palms. Under [illegible] of golden-brown hair dark eyes looked sadly far beyond the train [illegible] by her hand [illegible]

Suddenly, as if waked from her day dream by [illegible], she [illegible]. [illegible] a wave of crimson surged up to the roots of her hair. With a proud little movement she drew back into the shelter of the curtains. And at the same moment the train, obeying some unseen signal, moved on around the curve.

As [illegible] Philip Bryce [illegible] sigh. [illegible] for himself, [illegible] "Poor little soul!" [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] watched for it.

The assurance gave Bryce the courage to call on the janitor of the brownstone house and inquire as to the prices of [illegible] apartments and incidentally as to the girl.

The janitor was loquacious, after the manner of janitors. As he watched the smoke wreath up from one of Philip's best cigars he felt that for once he had a listener worthy of his powers. The third story front flat? Ah, yes. Miss Metcalf lived there—a nasty, cantankerous old lady. Her companion, poor little Miss Lambert, had a hard time of it with her. How she ever stood it all he didn't see. She was some sort of a poor relation and likely didn't have anywhere else to stay. But it was a shame the way the old lady deviled her.

The janitor grew quite excited over it. So did Philip. In fact, he had some difficulty in restraining his feelings. But he forbore to interrupt the janitor. Such information was precious.

"The poor young lady never gets a breath of fresh air except when she goes driving with the old one, and never a minute to herself except when her tyrant is sleeping."

Sudden enlightenment came to Philip. Evidently Miss Metcalf took an afternoon siesta. He had to thank the god of sleep for these stolen meetings, if meetings they might be called.

The janitor's story had strangely excited him, however. It was in an exalted mood that he sallied forth like knight of old to the nearest florist. The purchase of a large bunch of violets somewhat soothed his feelings. But he reddened shamefacedly as he inscribed a card, "From the man in the car window," and addressed the box to "Miss Lambert." That he, Philip Bryce, matter of fact business man, should be caught at such a schoolboy's trick! And yet he gloried in the incongruity.

The next afternoon he could hardly wait until the train reached the curve. Would she wear his flowers? Would she smile her thanks?

But—the girl was not at her post; the curtains were tightly drawn. The pain of the disappointment stung him into energy. He had allowed this girl to grow into his life and thoughts. Should he let her slip out again? Never!

With sudden determination he left the train at the next station and walked straight to the brownstone house. The janitor recognized him. He volunteered to show him the way.

The girl herself opened the door. Her cheeks were paler than usual and her eyes heavy from weeping. She, too, by her startled glance, recognized him. Philip started forward impetuously, but she drew back and leaned, trembling, against the door as she said in a frightened whisper: "You? You?"

The janitor had discreetly withdrawn.

Philip felt a pang of reproach as he looked at the shrinking girl. He had startled her too much. His voice was very gentle as he said: "Yes, Miss Lambert, it is I, the man from the car window. You see I know your name. Do [illegible]. And I've come to ask you whether you liked the violets. And [illegible], I missed you from the window I could not stand it. I just had to come and find out what was the matter."

The girl's eyes were downcast, her cheeks crimson, as she said in the same frightened whisper: "Yes, I got your violets. They were beautiful, and you were very kind to send them. But you ought not to have sent them, and you ought not to have come here. Miss Metcalf found me with them, and I had to tell her all about them and you. She was dreadfully shocked. I—I did not know that I had been doing anything wrong. But she said that I had been very bold and forward and that you—you were not a good man. And she made me promise never to watch for you again, and she threw the violets away—my poor violets." Her voice trembled, but she raised her eyes trustingly as she said more firmly: "I don't believe everything that she said, though. I know you meant to be kind, even though it was wrong."

Philip Bryce gently took her hands in his. "No, it was not wrong. Do I look like a man who could not be trusted?"

Something in her face seemed to give him confidence, for he went on impetuously: "May not a man send flowers to the girl whom he loves? Little girl, I am all alone in the world and very lonely. You are lonely too. I read it in your face day after day. And you need some one to take care of you. If you can trust me, if you think that some day you can love me a little, won't you let me take care of you? I can wait patiently. I have been loving you for these many weeks, but I can wait till you are ready, dear."

As she looked up into his earnest, manly face and read the love shining in his eyes she laid her head down on his breast and whispered, "I am ready—now."

So Miss Metcalf lost her companion, but Philip Bryce gained a wife.

How Bering Died.

In Harper's Magazine Collins Shack[illegible] relates the true story of the fatal [illegible] of [illegible] Bering [illegible]. Here is [illegible] of the [illegible] death after the loss of his ship:

"Bering, who had been for some time [illegible]

[illegible] were constantly [illegible] down upon his body, beginning at his feet, the sand from the edges on either side.

"He would submit to no interference with this occupation, insisting that the sand warmed him. When he died, Dec. 8, 1741, a month after the landing, his body was already half buried, and it needed but a little work on the part of his skeleton comrades to inclose this hero of the arctic regions in a coffin of frozen sand.

Fill Your Lungs.

Breathe more. Breathe deeply. Breathe freely. Why don't we take more of this vital power into our being? We must if our lives are to be full and vigorous.

The puny, whining, stingy individual is not the one who has a full, deep respiration. She is stingy and crabbed with herself first.

Fill your lungs full. Fill the upper part. Fill the lower part. Now be sure you cannot get another bit of air anywhere. Slowly and steadily exhale.

Whenever you are outdoors do it, walking to and from the office. Get up from your sewing and go out on the porch and try it. When you feel nervous try it. When things get tangled up and you are becoming confused try it. If you feel cross try it. In short, when you feel the need of vitality fill your lungs and take it. Control the exhalation, and if you persist you will find restlessness, worry and impatience will lose their grip and newer power will possess your being.

God's gift, fresh air, plenty of it! Will you take it?—Medical Talk.

Hard Medicine to Take.

"Doctor," said a fashionably dressed woman to her new physician, "I want you to give me a prescription which will cure me of a most irritating trouble." The doctor bowed and waited for her to go on.

"About 11 o'clock every evening," said the patient, "I am overcome by a feeling of sleepiness no matter where I am—at the opera, at a dinner party, wherever I may be this dreadful sensation comes over me. I have suffered from it now for five weeks, and no remedy has seemed to do any good."

"Oh, I can give you a prescription that will prevent it from overcoming you ever again," said the doctor.

His new patient was radiant, but when she looked at the slip of paper the doctor gave her her face clouded. He had written:

"Bed from 10 at night till 7 the next morning. Repeat dose once in twenty-four hours whenever symptoms occur."

Expert at It.

Townley—This paper says that one of those idiotic colleges is going to make Senator Boodler a "doctor of laws."

Brownley—Well, that's appropriate enough. He doctors the laws every time he gets a chance.—Exchange.

A Money Saver.

City Guest—Why don't you have your windows washed, landlord? I can't see out.

Country Innkeeper—No, don't want 'em cleaned. If they were clean I'd have to get curtains to keep the sun out.

NAPOLEON'S FOLLIES.

The Climax Came With the Senseless Invasion of Russia.

Of all Napoleon's mistakes (for they were nothing less) the climax was the invasion of Russia. What motive can he have had for this, saving delirious ambition, and, what was also undoubtedly strong in him, sheer love of the bloody game of war? He evidently reckoned on encountering the Russian army of defense nearer the frontier, winning an Austerlitz or a Jena, dictating terms as he had dictated them to Austria or Prussia, and returning to Paris in triumph. He was deceived in the character of his enemy. He tried in vain to force a battle at Smolensko. The Russians instead of fighting him near the frontier retreated before him, gave up their country to his ravages, compelled him to make a march in which he lost a great part of his enormous host and after handling him very severely at Borodino evacuated Moscow, leaving it in flames. They then refused to treat with him. He had consequently to decamp without having provided for retreat or subsistence. He lost almost his entire army in the wintry wastes and but for the extraordinary conduct of Kutusoff in letting him and his guard pass unopposed would himself have fallen into the hands of the enemy. This error was on a far more imposing scale and more tragical than any blunder of Beaulieu or Mack. But was it less of a blunder or less of a detraction from the reputation of the man of action or even from that of the commander? It is frightful to think what power a despot has for evil. There was probably not a soul on either side, saving Napoleon himself, who desired the Russian expedition.—Goldwin Smith in Atlantic.

The Green Sea.

There is no sea to which the name green sea is applied in topography, but the term is used as descriptive of parts of the ocean with approximate scientific [illegible].

Where the gulf stream is deflected from Newfoundland toward the Azores is the Sargasso sea, the surface of which is a mass of floating seaweed. Its popular name among sailors is the Green sea nowadays, and in earlier times it was noticed with astonishment by Columbus and his sailors, who [illegible] weed clad waters [illegible] the seaweed meadows.

A part of the Persian gulf is also known by this name on account of a remarkable [illegible] of vividly green water which is [illegible] the Arabian coast.

Many other [illegible] tudes of [illegible] atoms or to the [illegible] density or salinity of the [illegible]

Why Her Dancing Dragged.

An [illegible] young woman [illegible] at a [illegible] Rahway, N. J. He [illegible] that the dancing was uphill work, and when it was over sank into a chair in the incipient stages of exhaustion. The young woman looked thoughtfully across the shining surface of the floor and threw a glance of investigation at the corner where the punch bowl stood.

"Doesn't it strike you that the floor is very sticky tonight?" she inquired.

The young man gallantly denied thinking so.

"It seems so to me," the young woman observed. Then she looked down at her foot, protruding from a silken flounce, and exclaimed:

"Why, I've got my rubbers on!"—New York Post.

Taking the Cake.

Concerning the expression "Take the cake," the following from Bartlett and Coyne's "Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland," describing a dance in front of a shebeen, is an interesting illustration: "A churn dish stuck into the earth supported on its flat end a cake, which was to become the prize of the best dancer. The contention was carried on for a long time with extraordinary spirit. At length the competitors yielded their claims to a young man, the son of a rich farmer in the neighborhood, who, taking the cake, placed it gallantly in the lap of a pretty girl to whom he was about to be married."

The Vendetta.

The cross is a threat of death, and the Corsican who finds it drawn upon his door knows that he must look for no quarter. The vendetta neither sleeps nor knows where it may stop. It is not confined to two persons. The quarrels of individuals are taken up by whole families. Not even collateral branches are exempt, and women must take their chances with the men.

Defining a "Crab."

The old story of the Frenchmen who were making a dictionary and defined crab as "a small red fish that walks backward" illustrates the need of exact knowledge. Cuvier said the definition was excellent, only that the crab was not a fish, was not red and did not walk backward.

The Mind.

Unreflective minds possess thoughts only as a jug does water, by containing them. In a disciplined mind knowledge exists like vital force in the physical frame, ready to be directed to tongue, or hand, or foot, hither, thither, anywhere, and for any use desired.

Nothing Done.

"I don't think I'll wager with you," said the baker. "You haven't the dough."

"That may be," replied the butcher, "but I don't see you putting up any stakes."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Went Too Far.

An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he had lost the object of his affections.

"Alas," he said, "I flattered her till she got too proud to speak to me."

Woman's Way.

She—Time will heal the wound I've made in your heart.

He—Yes; but you'll be mad at me if it does.—Detroit Free Press.

AN IMPUDENT BEGGAR.

How Sir Walter Besant Was Cured of Promiscuous Almsgiving.

It was one of the daily customs of Sir Walter Besant to take a walk through Hyde park, London. At the entrance to the park sat an old beggar woman whose woebegone appearance caused Sir Walter to stop one day and drop a copper penny into her outstretched hand. After a time it became a regular habit to speak a word or two to her when giving her the coin.

One day, however, the old woman handed him back the penny, saying: "Guv me siller or nawthink. The idea of a gent like you givin' a poor old woman like me a dirty penny! Guv me siller!"

She came close to him and waved her arms threateningly. Sir Walter started to go, but she grabbed the lapel of his coat and screamed: "Guv me siller, you rascally rogue! Guv me what you owe me!"

This drew a crowd, and the novelist to save himself threw a handful of coin among them and during the scramble escaped.

He forgot all about the old hag till one day, chancing to enter the same gate again, he was aroused from a reverie by her shrill cackle. Pointing him out to the bystanders, she screamed: "That's 'im, the fine rogue in the long whiskers, the bloke in the 'igh 'at!"

This was too much for the author. He broke away with extraordinary haste and thereafter was pretty thoroughly cured of promiscuous almsgiving.

Watching a Spider at Work.

Watch a spider spin his web, and I shall be surprised if you ever kill a spider again. It takes him about an hour, somewhat less, for he is a marvelously quick worker, and there is something almost terrifying about the skill with which he works. There is his body, no larger than a match's head, yet inclosed within that mere dot of nature there is an intelligence which is able first to prospect the area for his web, then to plan it out like a geometrician and then to carry out his plan with workmanlike precision. Meanwhile, too, it must be remembered, he is not only doing his thinking and his weaving, but also spinning the material itself, all in that mite of a body. But perhaps the uncanniest feature of the whole thing is that the spider not merely has his plan clear in his head, but knows when he has made mistakes, and you can see him breaking off misplaced threads here and there, making taut slack lines and securing sticky connections.—Success.

An Inconvenient Piano.

Leopold de Meyer of Dresden, a brilliant and popular pianist of his day, was once summoned to play before the sultan at Constantinople. Going thither, he borrowed a grand piano from one of the Austrian secretaries of legation and had it set up in a large reception room at the palace. There he awaited the coming of the sultan, but when that intelligent monarch entered the room he started back in alarm and demanded of his attendants what that monster was standing there on three legs.

Explanations followed, but were in vain. The legs had to be taken off and the body of the instrument laid flat on the floor, and Leopold de Meyer, squatting cross legged on a mat, went through his programme as best he could in that awkward attitude and without pedals. But the commander of the faithful was delighted, and when the last piece was played gave the artist over $5,000 as "backsheesh."

A Carved Cherry Stone.

Dr. Peter Oliver, who lived in England during the early part of the eighteenth century, tells of seeing a carved cherry stone which would be a wonder even in this age of fine tools and fine workmanship.

The stone was one from a common cherry, and upon it were carved the heads of 124 popes, kings, queens, emperors, saints, etc. Small as they must necessarily have been, it is announced on the authority of Professor Oliver that with a good glass the heads of the popes and kings could readily be distinguished from those of the queens and saints by their miters and crowns. The gentleman who brought this little wonder to England purchased it in Prussia, allowing the original owner £5,000 for his treasure. Think of it—$25,000 for a cherry seed!

A Spirit to Be Deplored.

Just where honorable industry ends and avaricious piling up of treasure begins no one can take it upon himself to say. The spirit, however, that impels a young man to sacrifice all the nobler aims of life in order to turn a liberal competence into wealth too great to be spent (and the giving away of which, unless carefully regulated, is a doubtful good) is certainly to be deplored.—Eliot Gregory in Century.

Bankrupt.

Solicitor—You want to be made bankrupt, do you? Very well, I'll put it through for you. Just give me a check for $100 on account of preliminary expenses.

Client—B-but I haven't got any money at all.

Solicitor—Then why the dickens do you come to me? Hang it all, man, you are bankrupt!

His Excuse.

"No," said a citizen when asked if he would contribute anything to the relief of the flood sufferers; "I don't think I will."

"Can't afford it, eh?"

"It isn't that, but the last time I gave something for charity one of the papers spelled by name wrong."

A Universal Custom.

"Whenever I get an umbrella," said the prudent citizen, "I put my name on it."

"So do I," answered the man without a conscience. "The person who used to own it isn't so likely to identify it."—Washington Star.

It is a sign you are growing old when you read the obituary before the marriage notices.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

EXPENSIVE KISSES.

Two That Helped to Make Eighteenth Century History.

In the year 1794 the beautiful and charming Duchess of Gordon raised that famous regiment of soldiers called "the Gordon Highlanders" by giving each recruit a guinea in gold and a kiss from her own lips. It is notorious that the regiment was raised to a full complement quicker than any other regiment in the British service. But the highlanders paid well for their kiss. They were sent immediately to fight the French, and in their first engagement 300 fell, killed and wounded.

In the year 1793 a stray kiss was the means of bringing about a bloody and expensive war. Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria was journeying in a neighboring state. One day he visited "the royal household," and while there his eye caught sight of a most beautiful maiden who happened to be near him. He was so bewitched with her charming personality that he impulsively and thoughtlessly implanted a kiss upon her fair cheek. She was a princess of the royal household, which the prince knew not, neither did he know that she was an affianced bride and that her betrothed was near by and saw the whole affair. Angry words and blows followed. A duel was fought and both principals were severely wounded. Diplomatic relations between the two kingdoms were suspended, and a long and bloody war ensued, all on account of a kiss which was paid for most dearly in blood and treasure.

The Magnet.

Thousands of years ago a mineral having the strange power of attracting iron was found in the country anciently called Magnesia, in Asia Minor. The name of this country has given us the word "magnet." This mineral, which is now called the lodestone (not loadstone), attracted the attention of the curious, and it was discovered that a piece of iron which had been rubbed with the lodestone acquired the same power of attracting iron. In other words, the piece of iron became a magnet. It was afterward found that such an iron or artificial magnet could be used like the lodestone itself to convert other pieces of iron into magnets by rubbing. Still more recently a mode of making magnets by means of electricity was discovered—that is, by wrapping a piece of insulated wire many times around the bar and then causing a current of electricity to pass through the wire. The familiar small toy magnets are simply steel bars which have been rubbed a few times against powerful magnets.—St. Nicholas.

Success of the Solemn Ass.

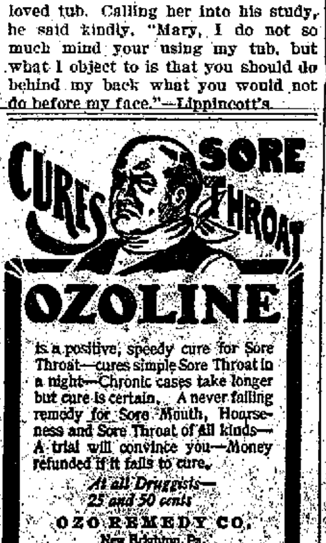
Look about you, gentle reader, and consider the solemn ass in every walk of life. Who so respected, so admired, so influential? He never takes sides. He never is a partisan. He goes along with knitted brows, his thoughts too deep for utterance. Smaller men may abandon themselves to hasty inclinations, to rash preferences, to robust views. He never does. If he speaks at all it is with such profundity and circumlocution and complexity that the most recondite cryptogram ever rescued from a pyramid would seem to burst of innocent and childish candor in comparison. Yet he wears fine raiment every day. He enjoys the respect and confidence of the community. He prospers. The oil of opulence anoints him. He is the incarnation of success!—Washington Post.

Too Smart.

"Once when I was a Mississippi pilot," said Mark Twain, "I got out of work and had to hustle for a new job. I talked to a number of captains, but none of them wanted a pilot. Finally I met a man who said there was a vacancy on his boat that I might fill if I could qualify. He asked me about my habits, my religion, my birth, my schooling, and so on. Then he said: 'Now, for the main thing: Do you know where the snags in the river are?' 'No, captain,' I said, 'I don't.' He swore. 'Wants to be a pilot,' he muttered, 'and don't know where the snags are.' 'I know where they're not,' said I. But my smartness cost me the job."

Kind, but Firm.

An English bishop owned a portable bath tub which he failed on one occasion to take with him on a pastoral visitation. When he returned he found that the housemaid had used the beloved tub. Calling her into his study, he said kindly, "Mary, I do not so much mind your using my tub, but what I object to is that you should do behind my back what you would not do before my face."—Lippincott's.



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